

# CALLING ALL KIDS

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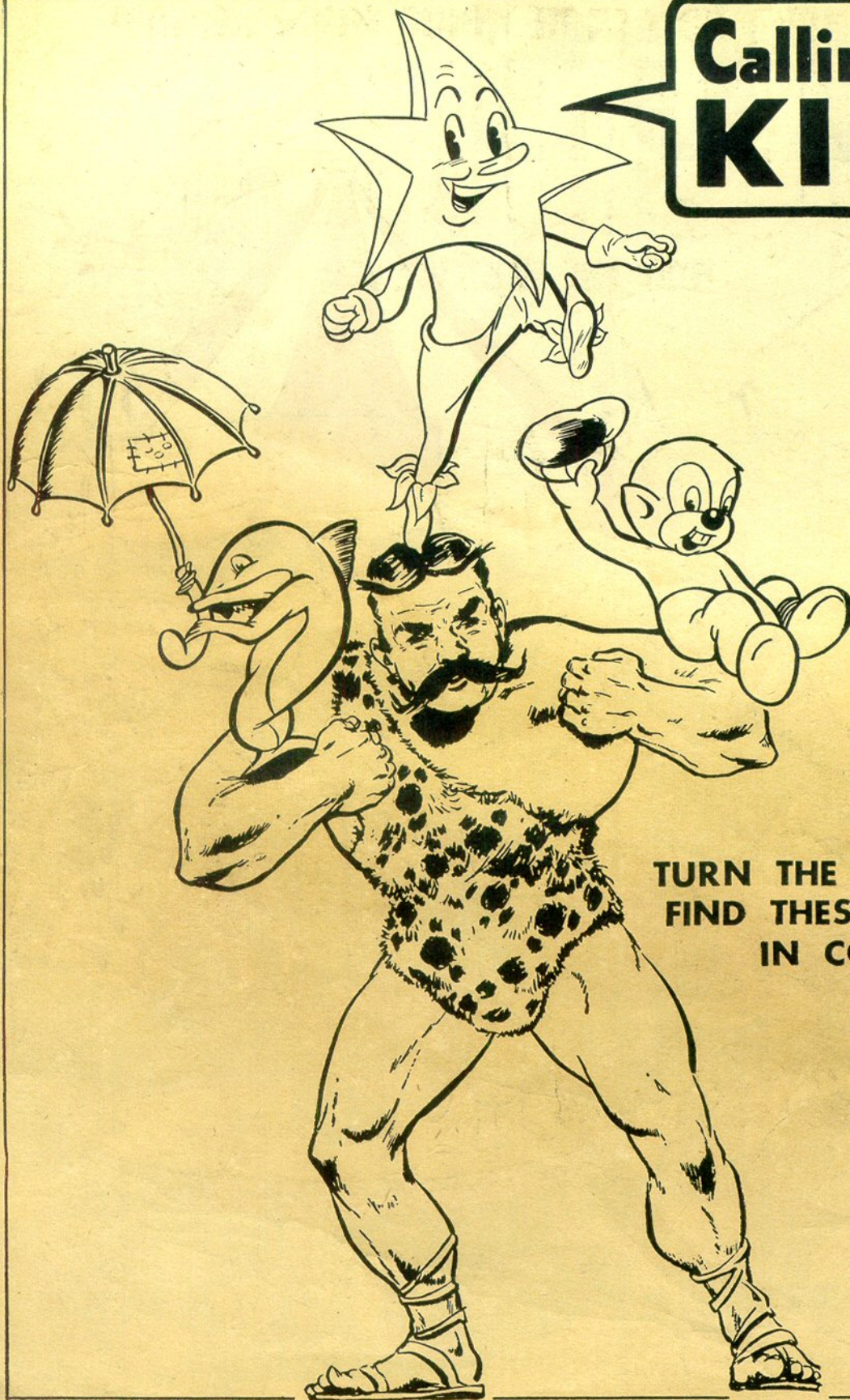




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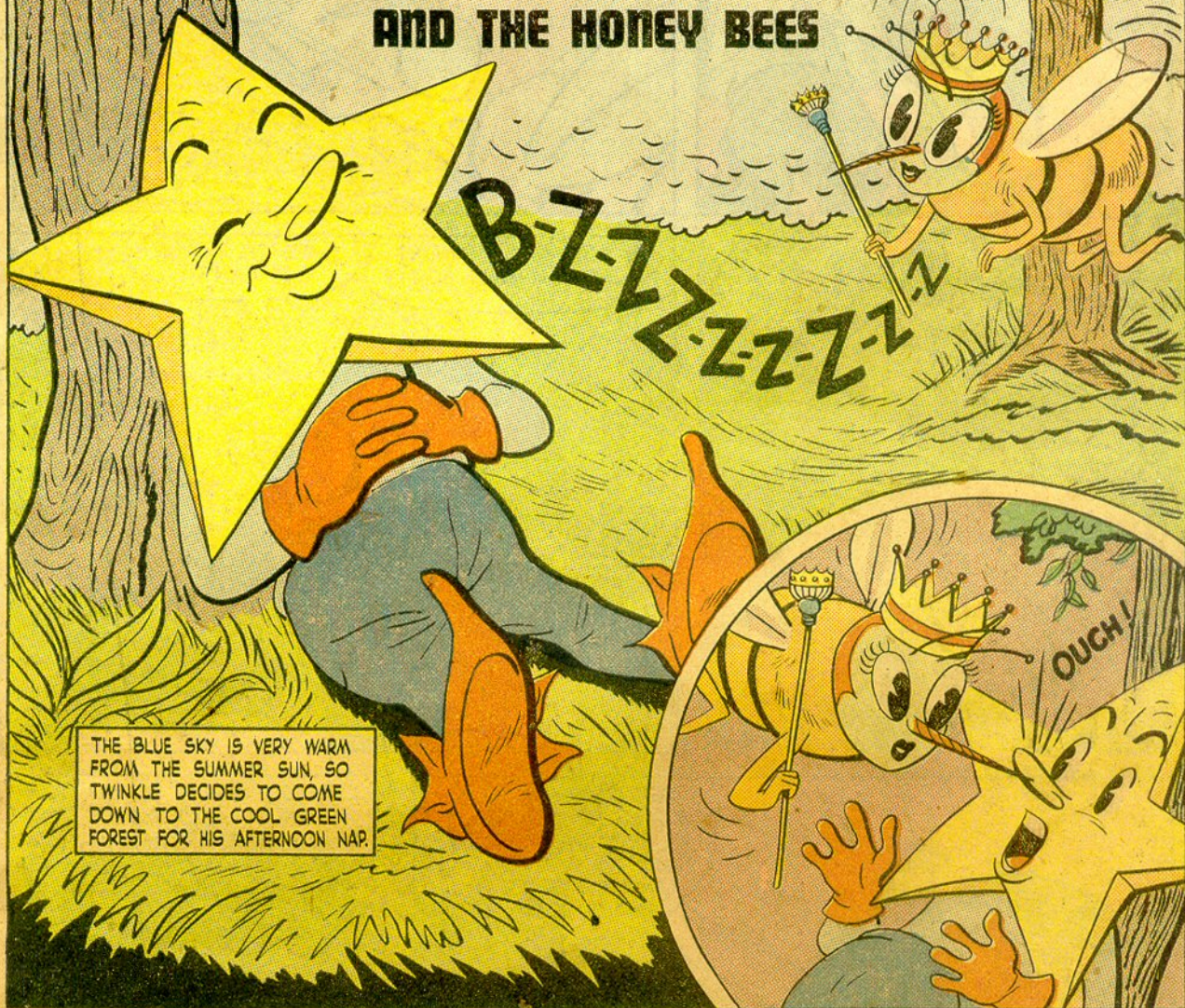
**TURN THE PAGES TO  
FIND THESE FRIENDS  
IN COLOR**



THE STAR THAT CAME DOWN FROM HEAVEN

# TWINKLE

AND THE HONEY BEES



THE BLUE SKY IS VERY WARM FROM THE SUMMER SUN, SO TWINKLE DECIDES TO COME DOWN TO THE COOL GREEN FOREST FOR HIS AFTERNOON NAP.

AUGUST 1947 issue No. 11

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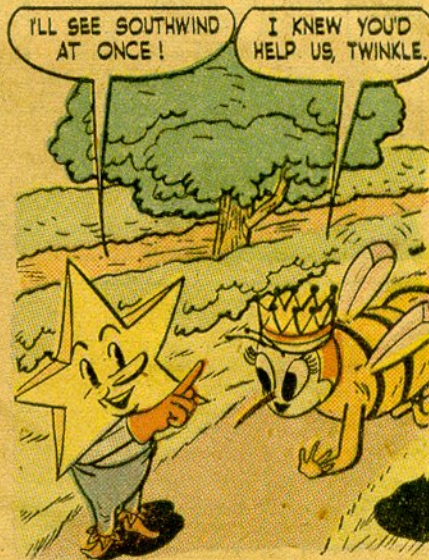
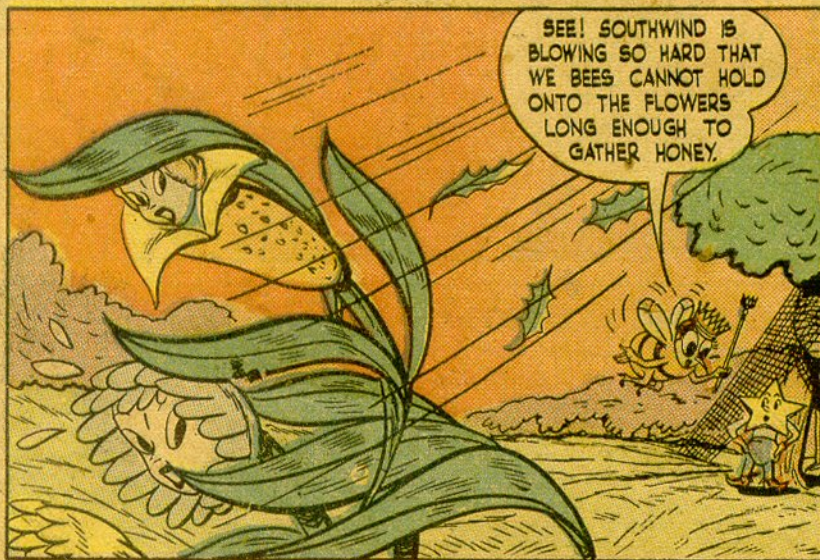
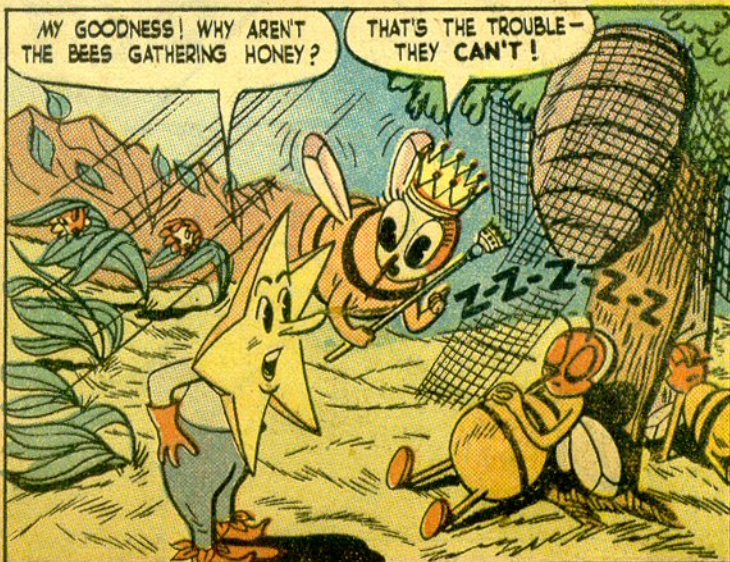
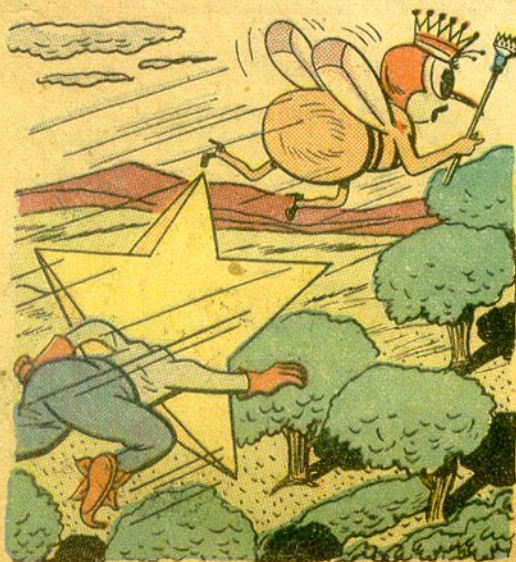
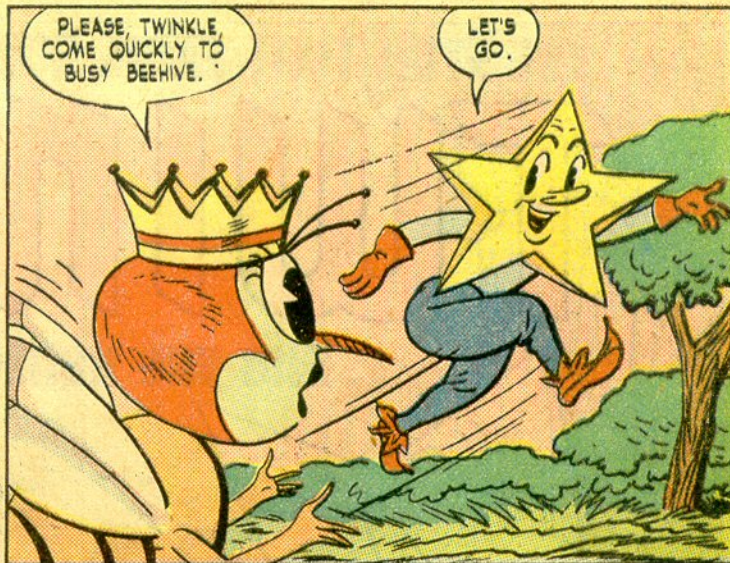
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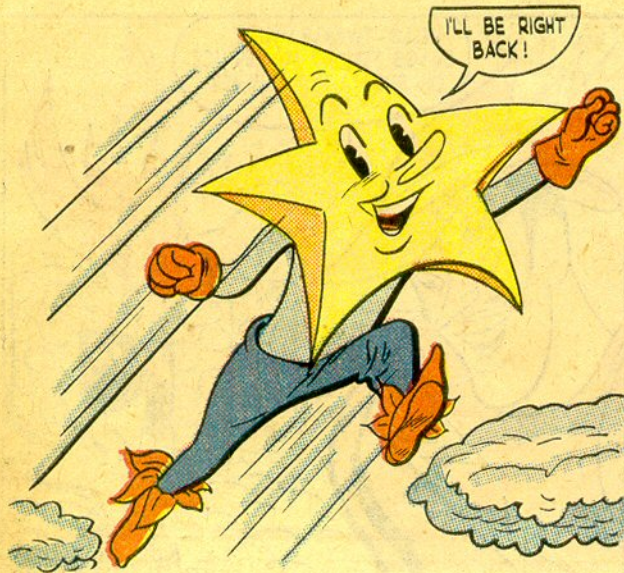
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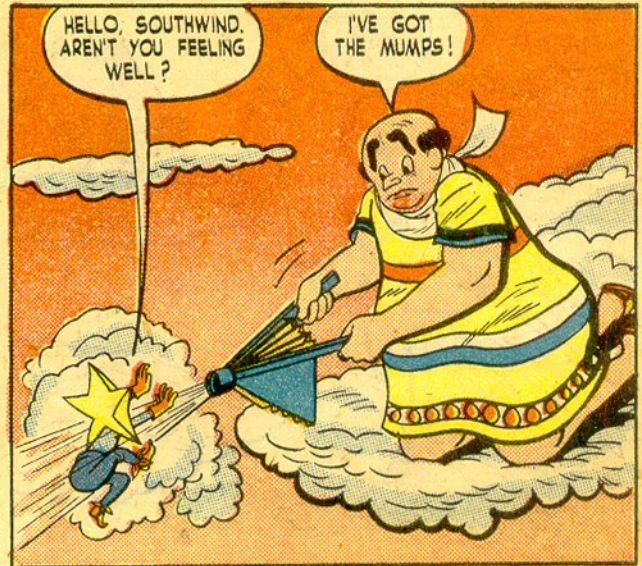








I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

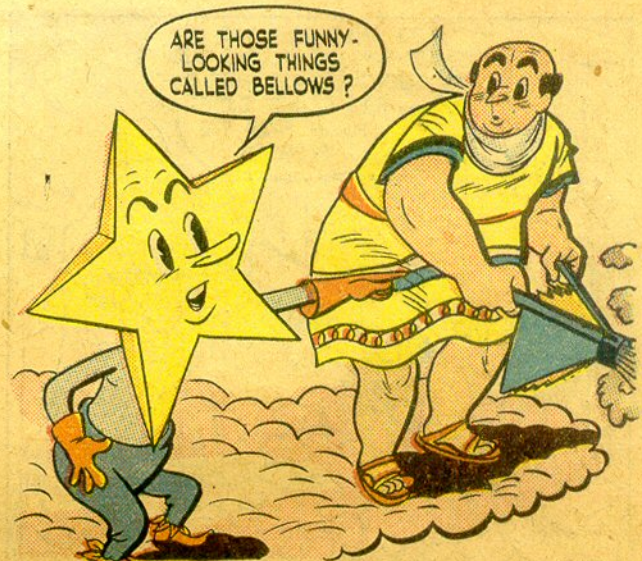


HELLO, SOUTHWIND. AREN'T YOU FEELING WELL?

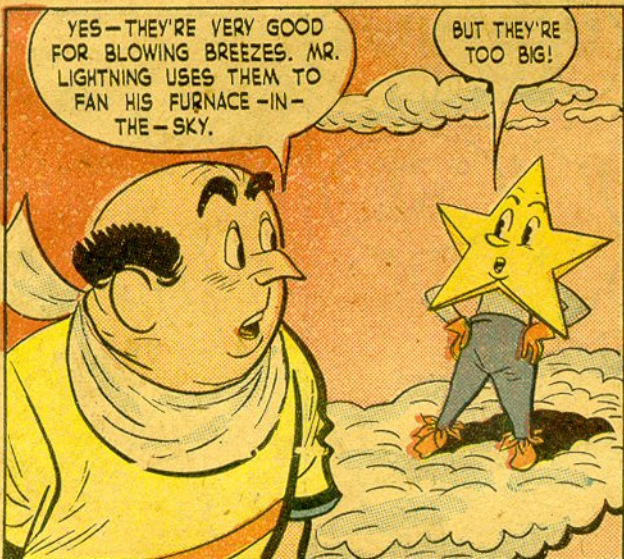
I'VE GOT THE MUMPS!



MY POOR NECK IS SO SORE I CAN'T HUFF OR PUFF, SO I'M USING THESE BELLOWES TO BLOW BREEZES DOWN TO EARTH.

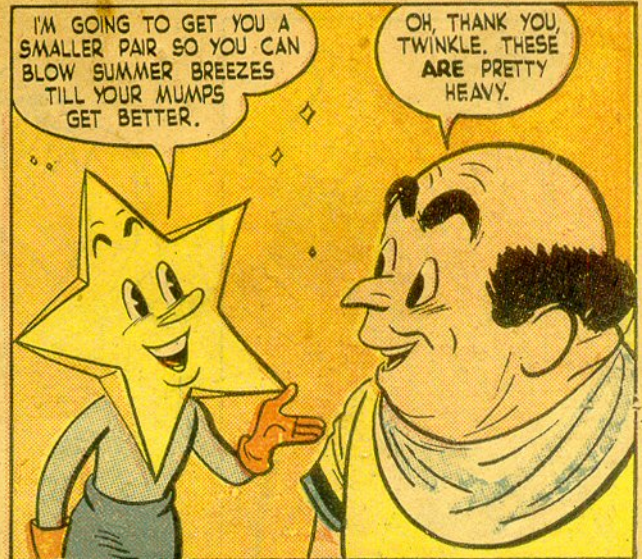


ARE THOSE FUNNY-LOOKING THINGS CALLED BELLOWES?



YES—THEY'RE VERY GOOD FOR BLOWING BREEZES. MR. LIGHTNING USES THEM TO FAN HIS FURNACE—IN—THE—SKY.

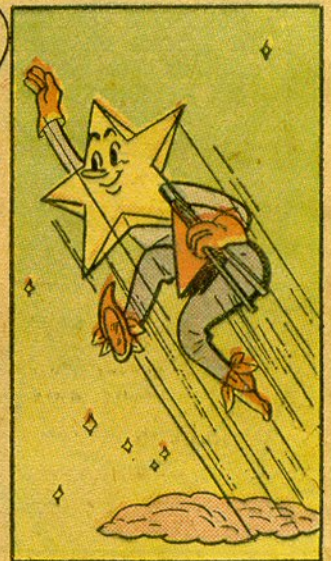
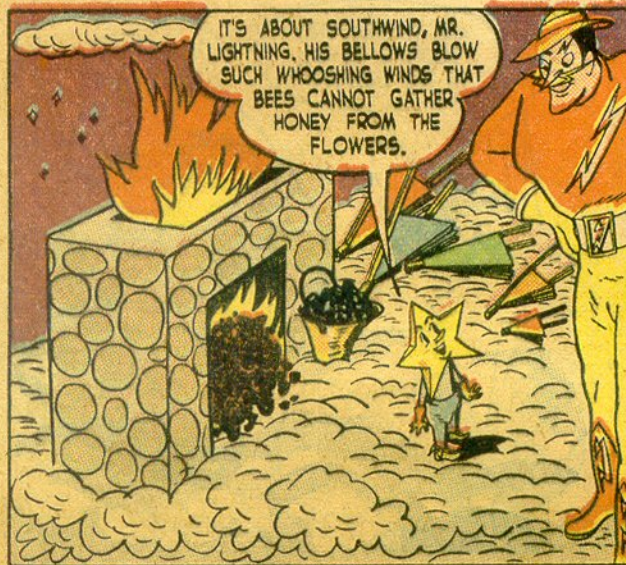
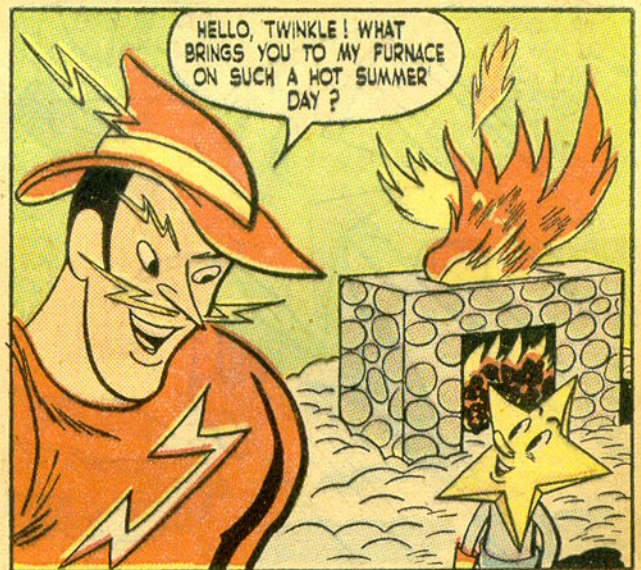
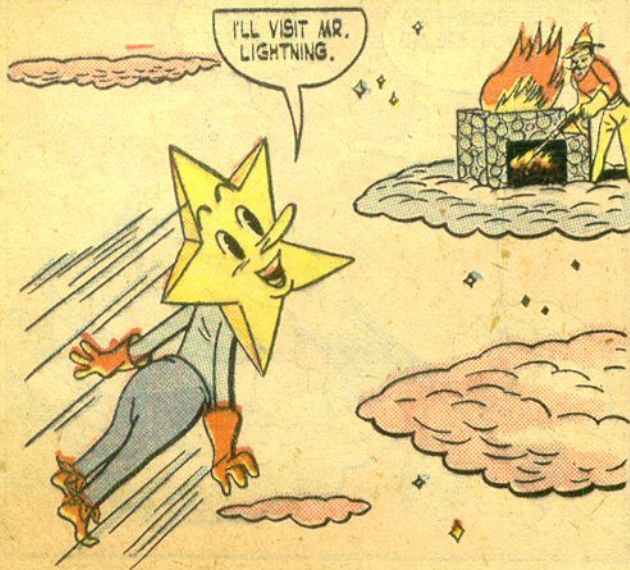
BUT THEY'RE TOO BIG!



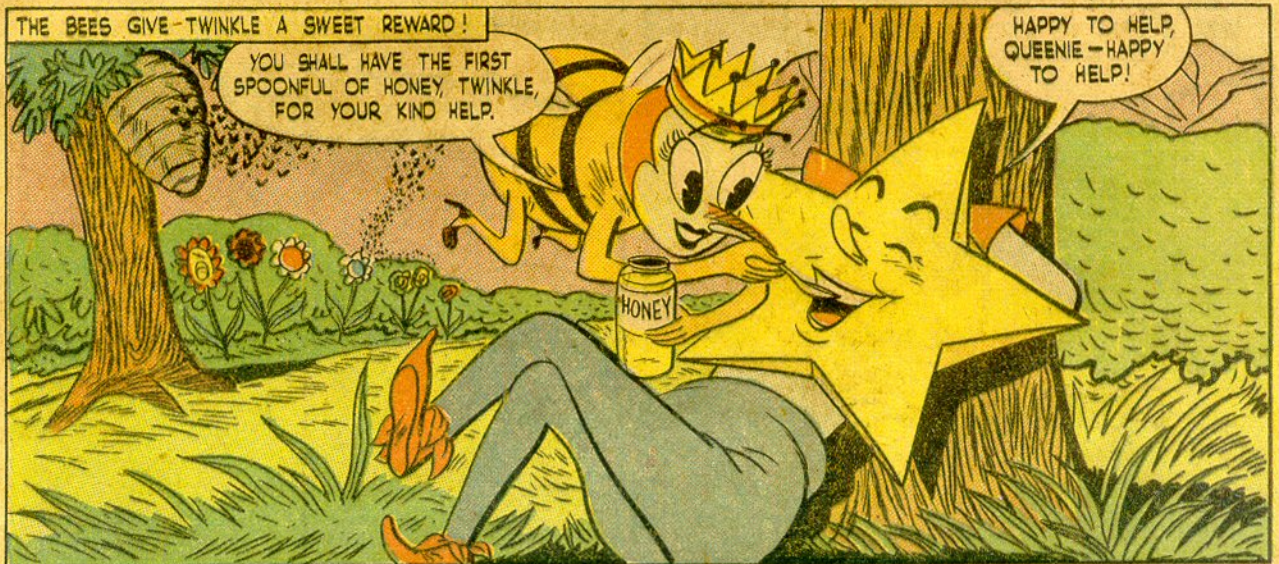
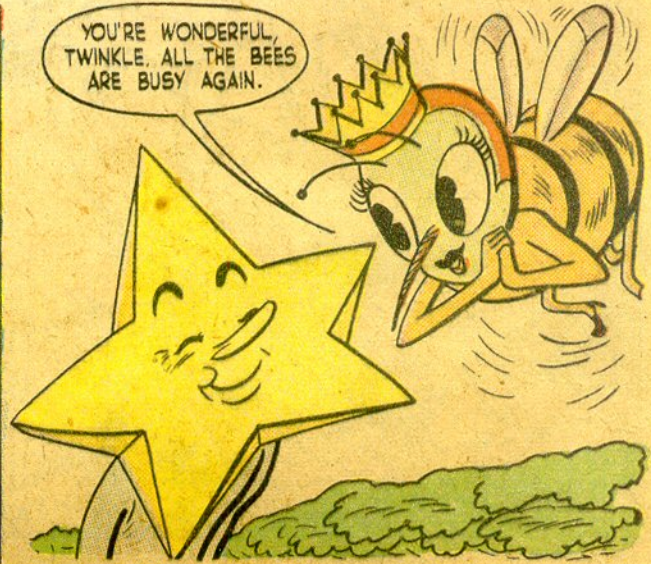
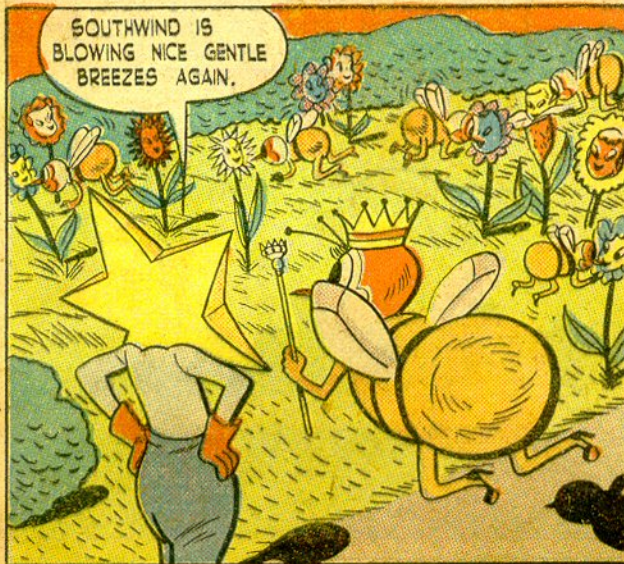
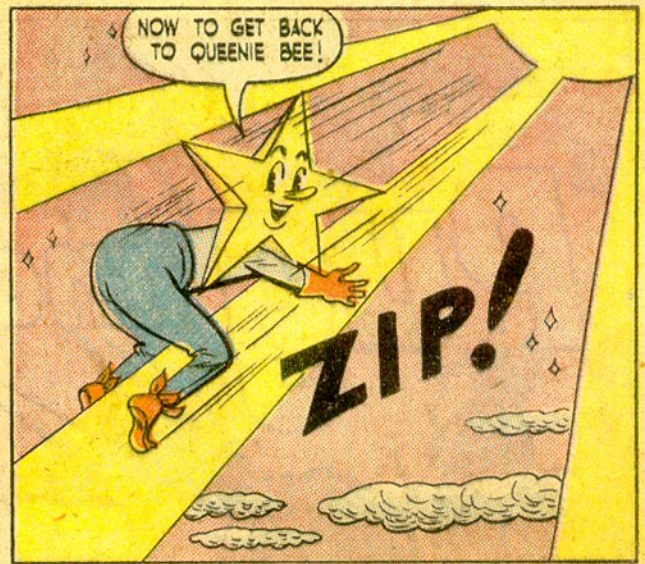
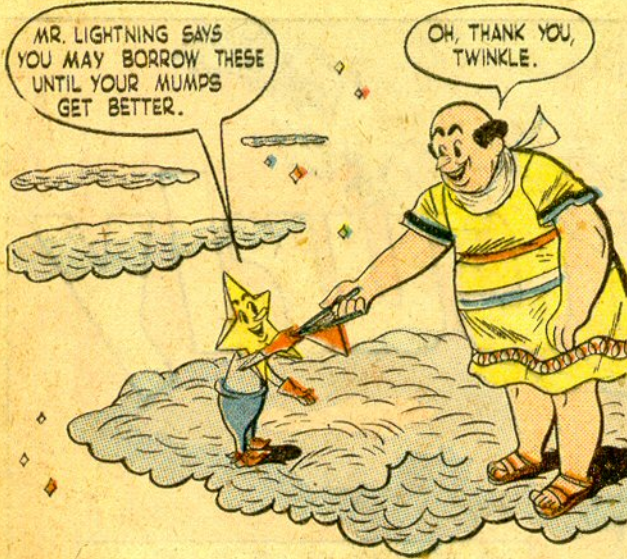
I'M GOING TO GET YOU A SMALLER PAIR SO YOU CAN BLOW SUMMER BREEZES TILL YOUR MUMPS GET BETTER.

OH, THANK YOU, TWINKLE. THESE ARE PRETTY HEAVY.





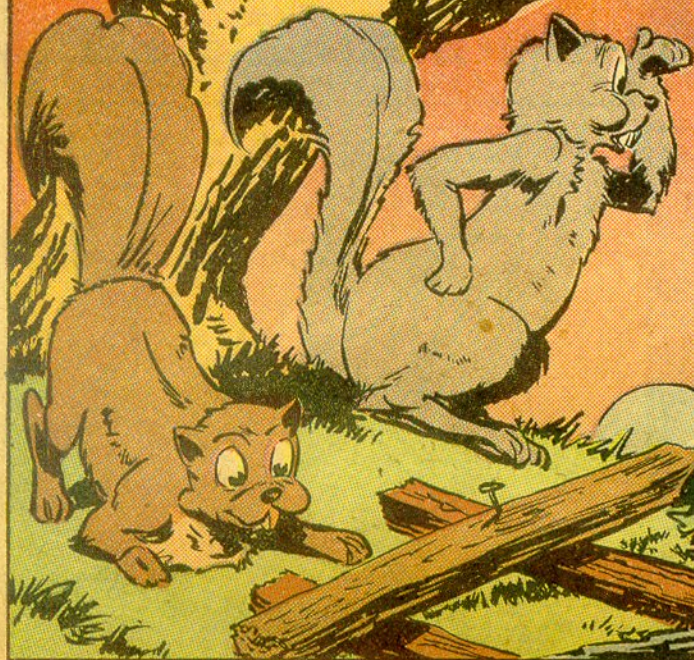






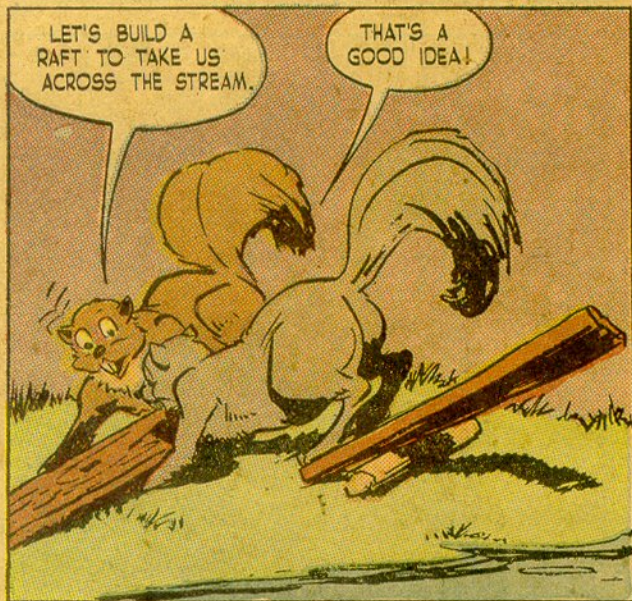
# Pug and Curly

PUG AND CURLY ARE OFF TO VISIT SOME FRIENDS ON THE OPPOSITE SHORE. IT TAKES SOME DOING BUT OUR HEROES FINALLY GET ACROSS—THE EASY WAY.

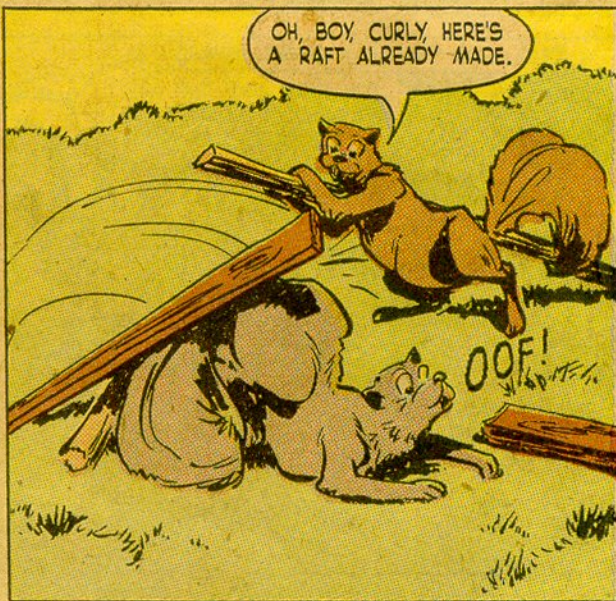


LET'S BUILD A RAFT TO TAKE US ACROSS THE STREAM.

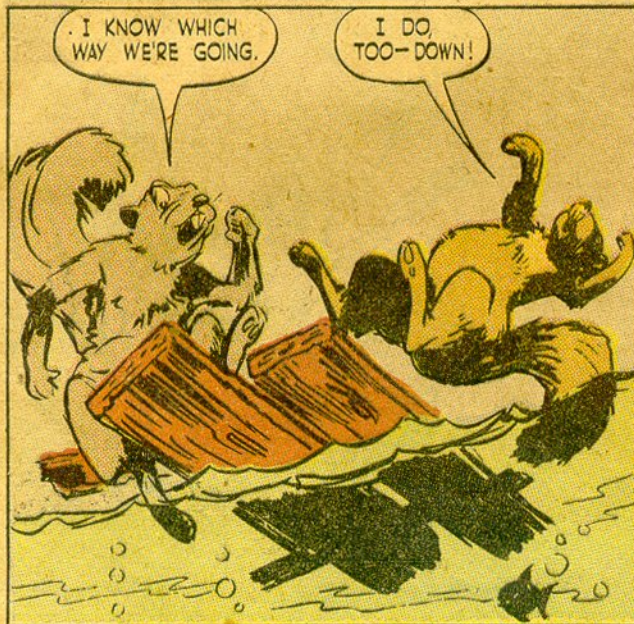
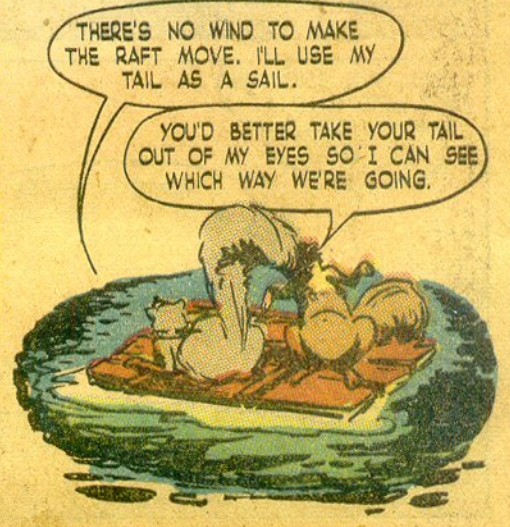
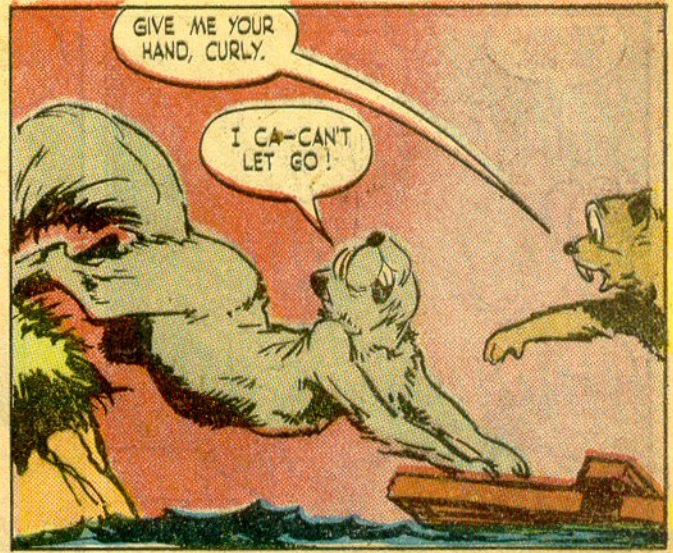
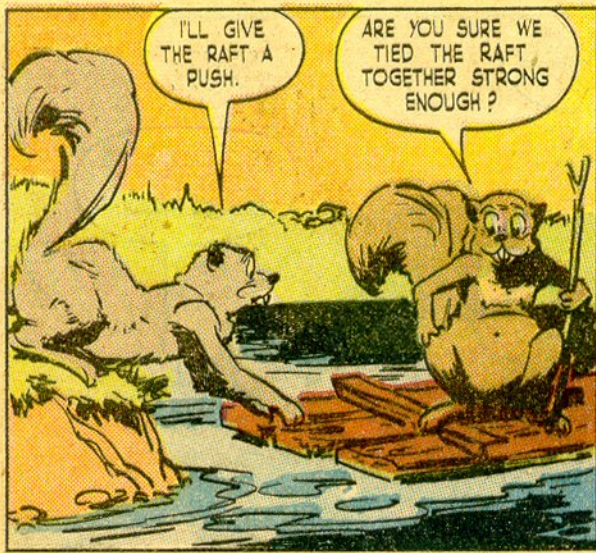
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA!



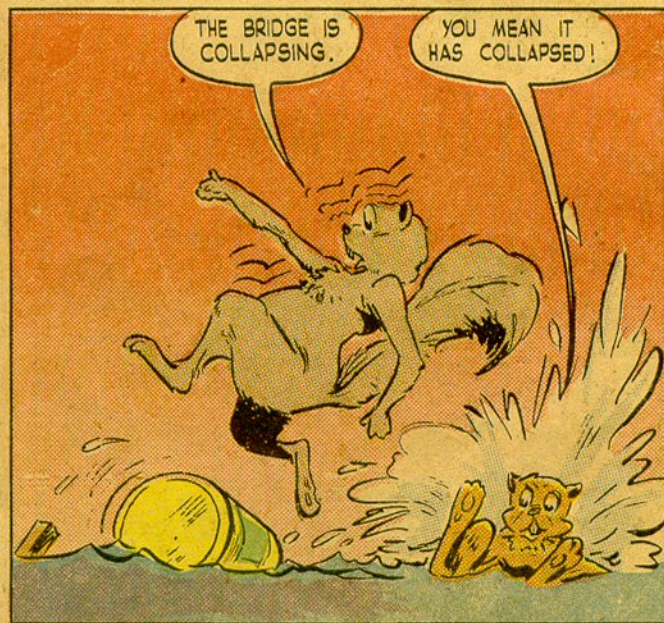
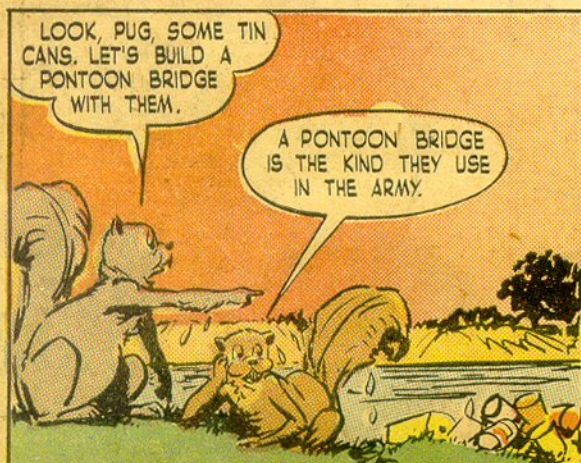
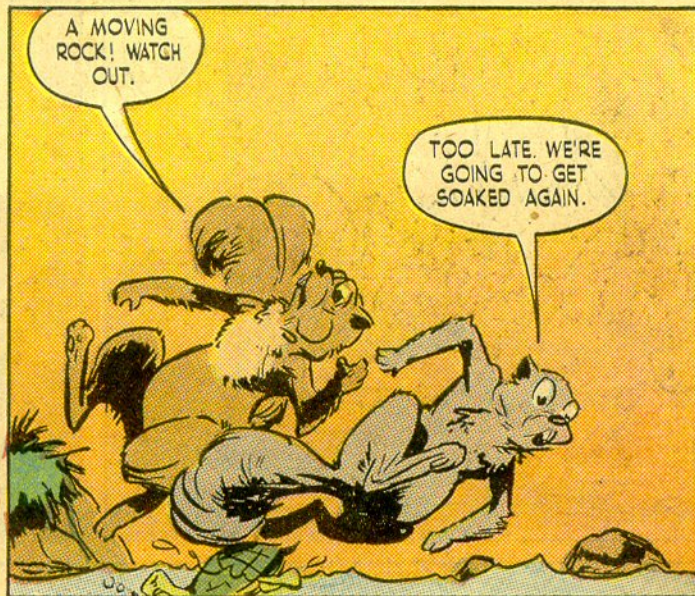
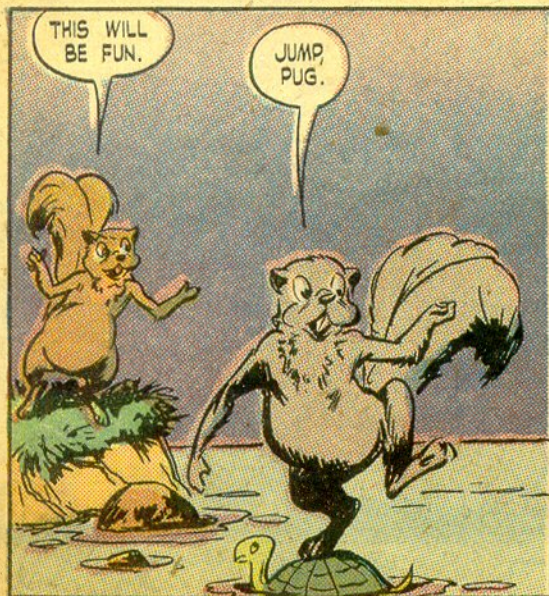
OH, BOY, CURLY, HERE'S A RAFT ALREADY MADE.



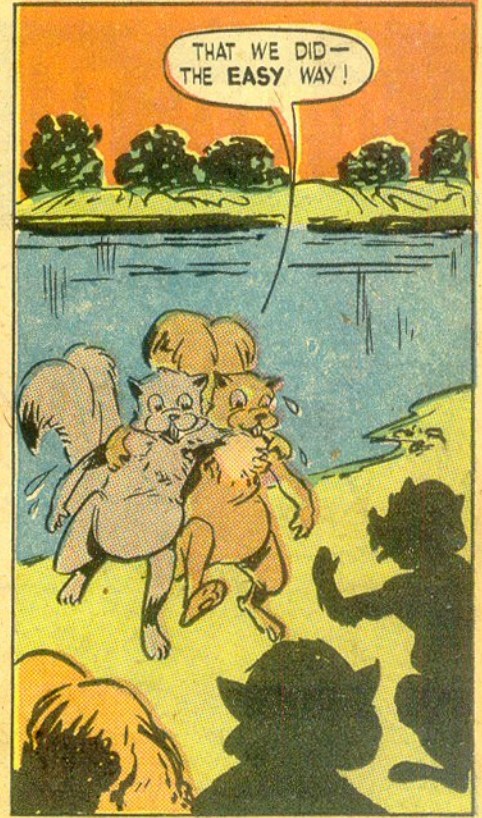












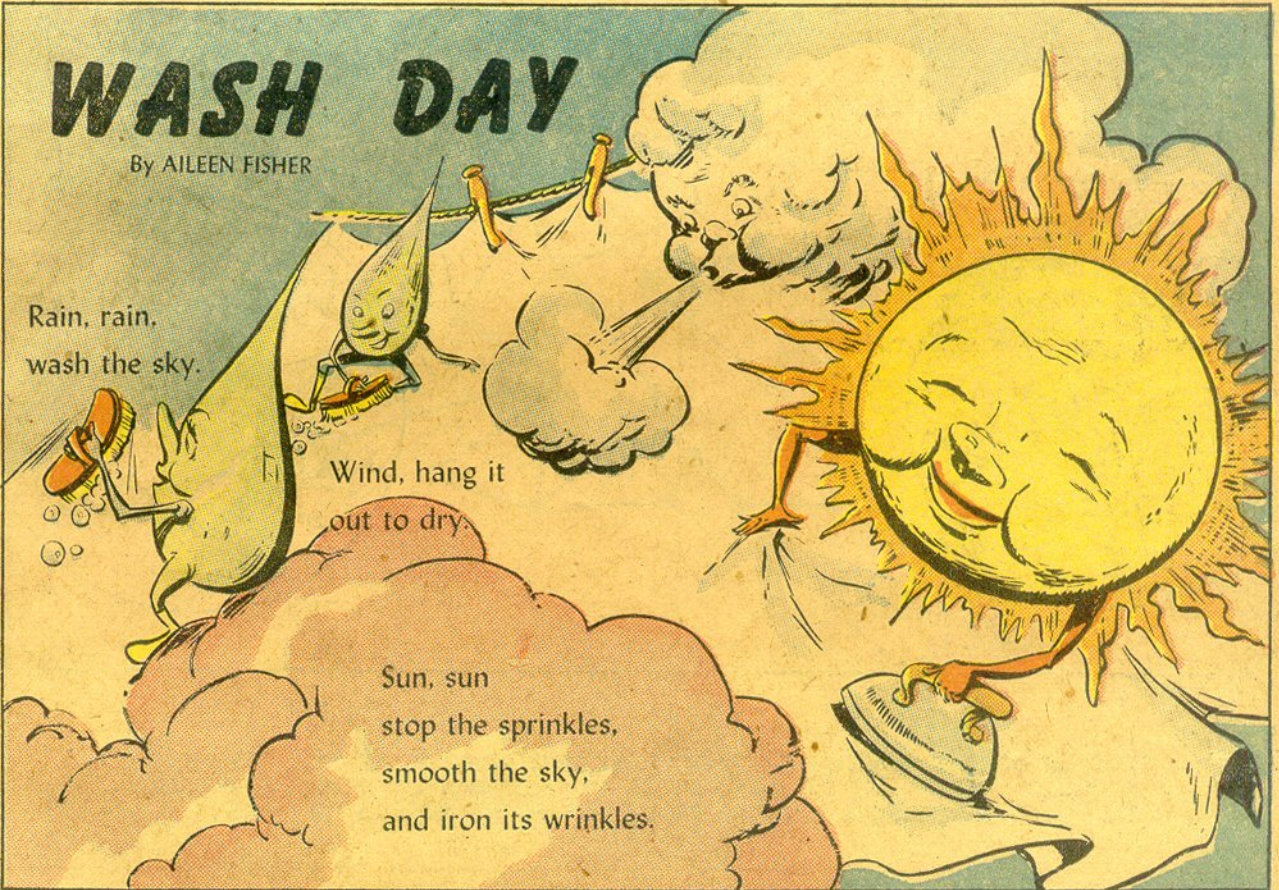
# WASH DAY

By AILEEN FISHER

Rain, rain,  
wash the sky.

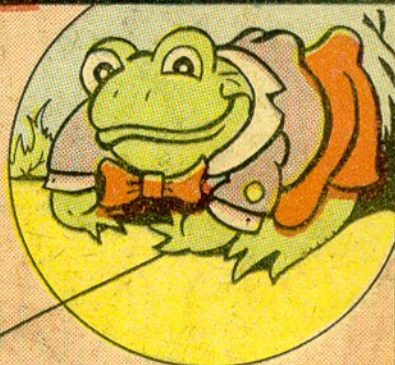
Wind, hang it  
out to dry.

Sun, sun  
stop the sprinkles,  
smooth the sky,  
and iron its wrinkles.





# THE JUMPING FROGS



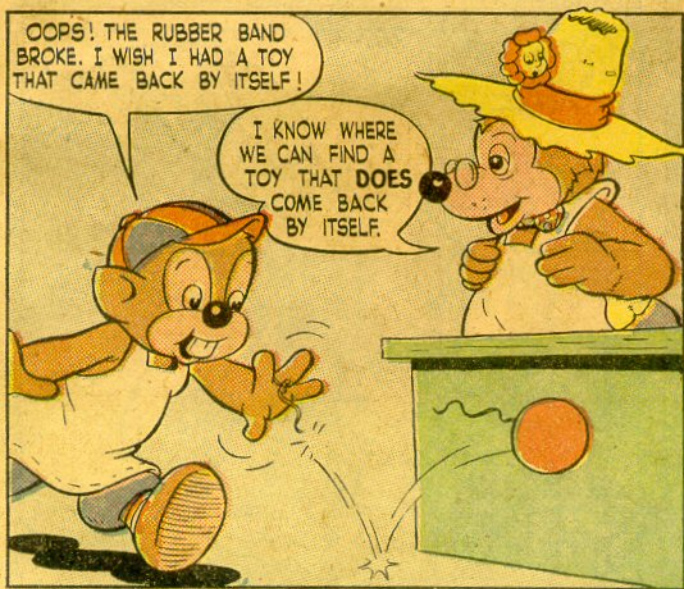
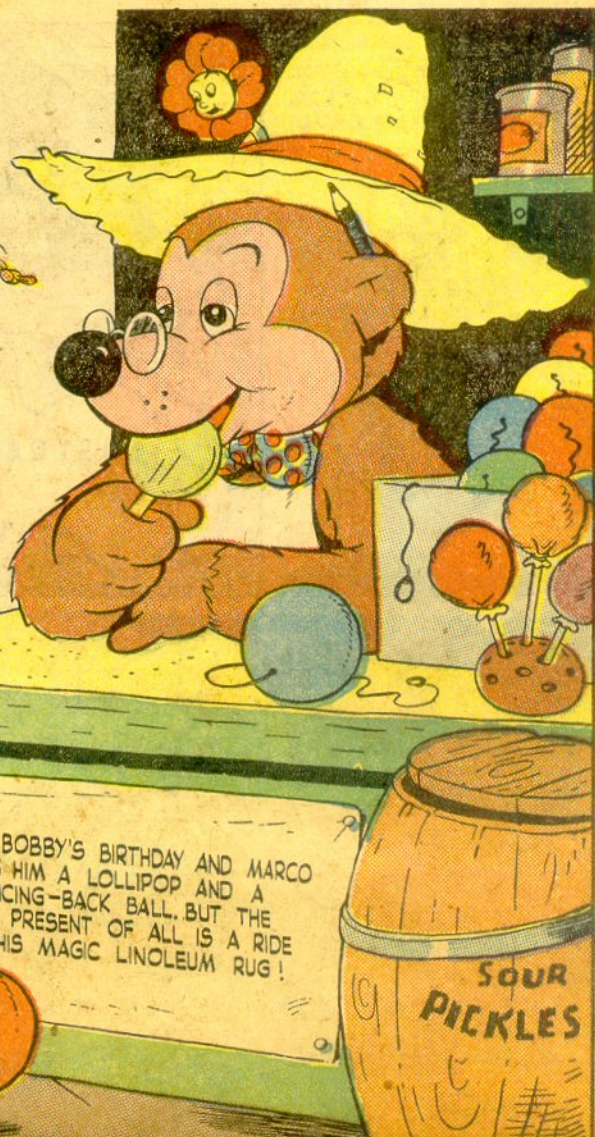
POOL



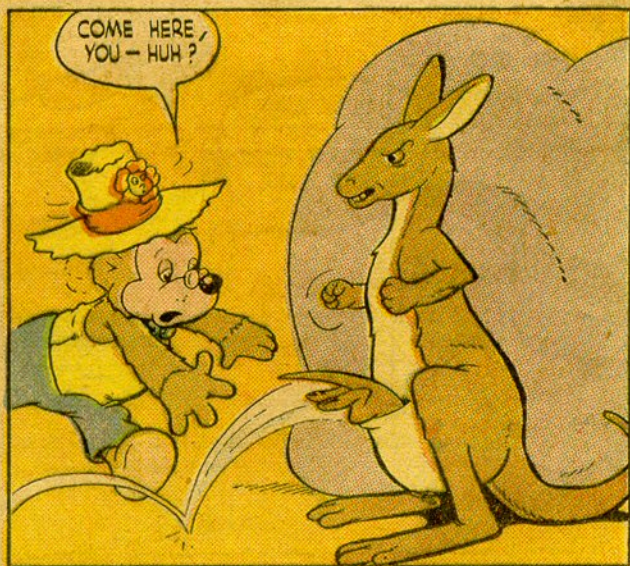
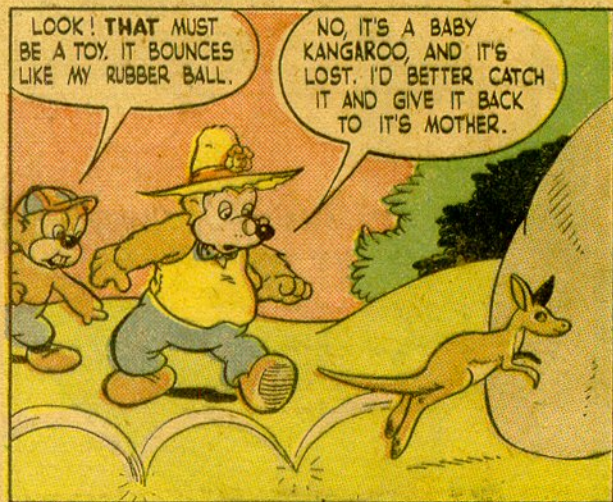
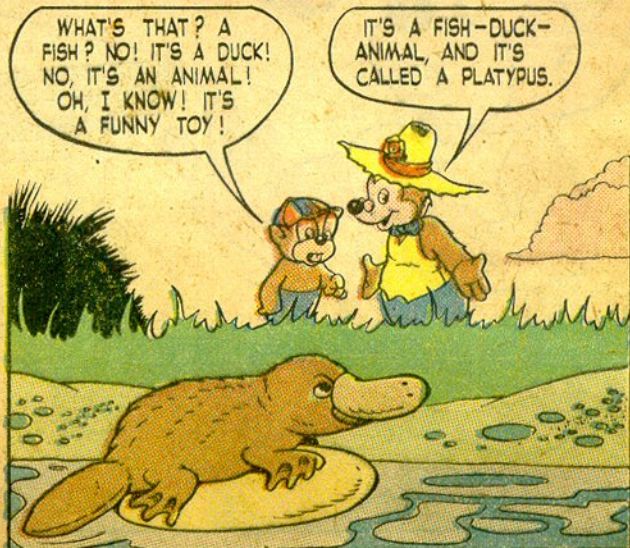
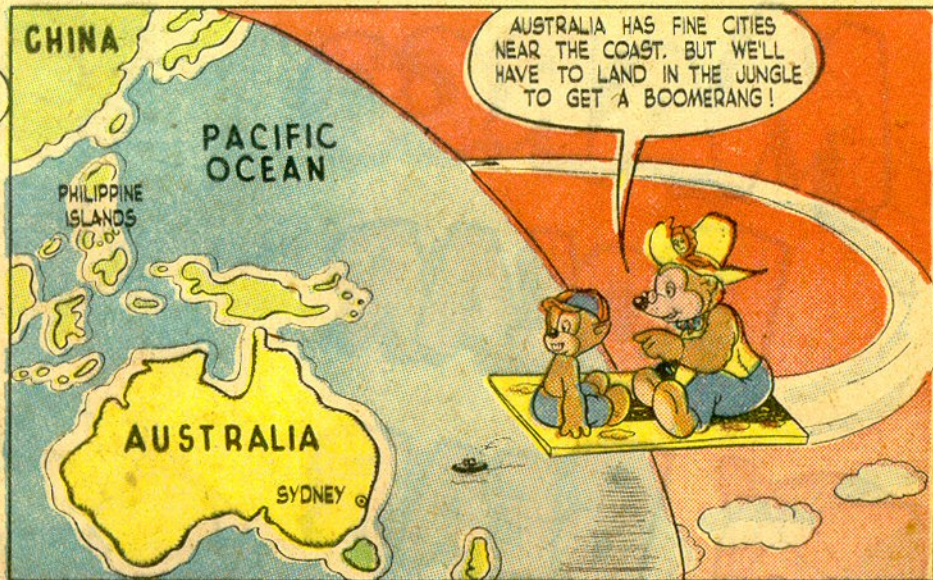
TWO OR MORE PLAYERS EACH TRY TO LEAD ALL FOUR FROGS TO THE POOL. THE FROGS MOVE FROM DOT TO DOT BUT DON'T CROSS THE LINES. EACH DOT COUNTS AS ONE JUMP. THE PERSON WHOSE FROGS REACH THE POOL IN THE FEWEST JUMPS IS THE WINNER.



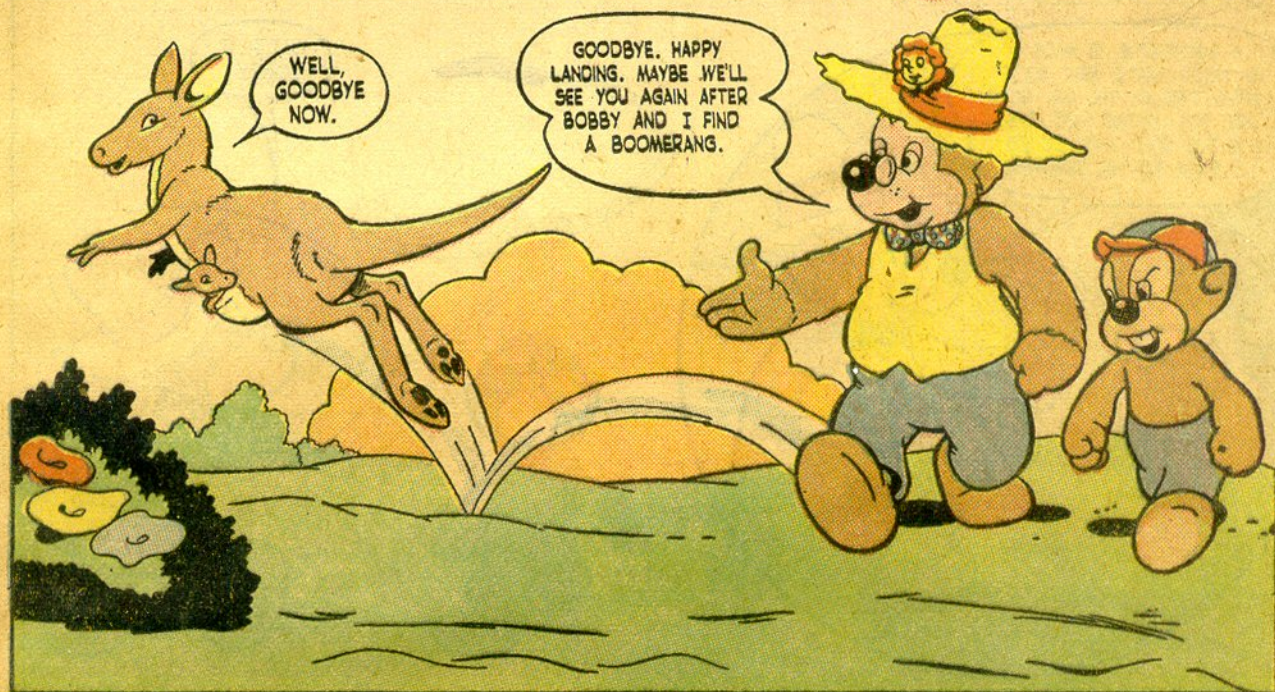
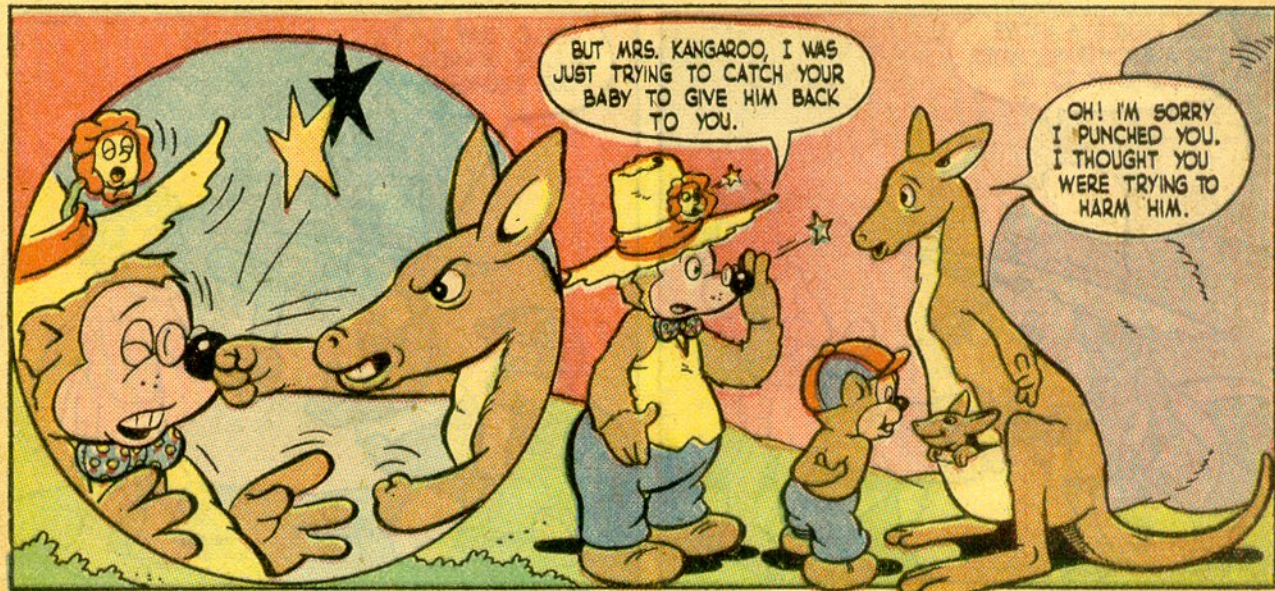
# MARCO POLAR BEAR











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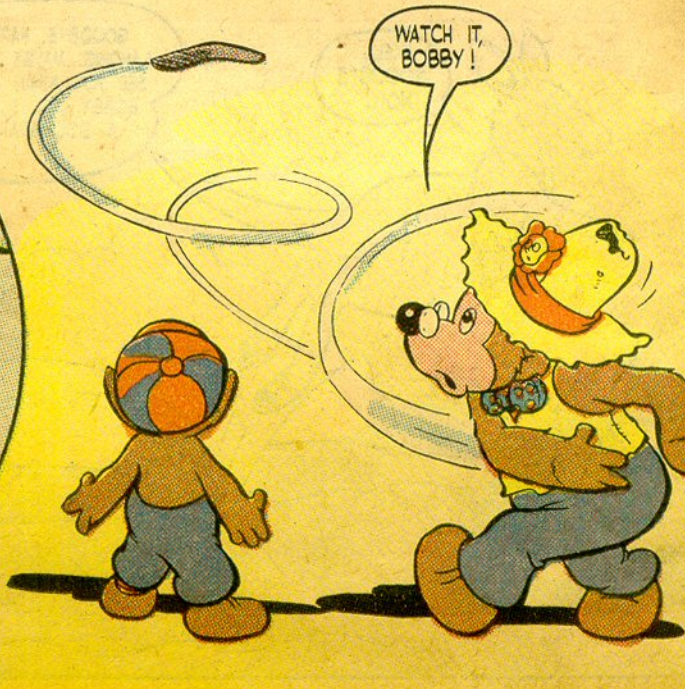
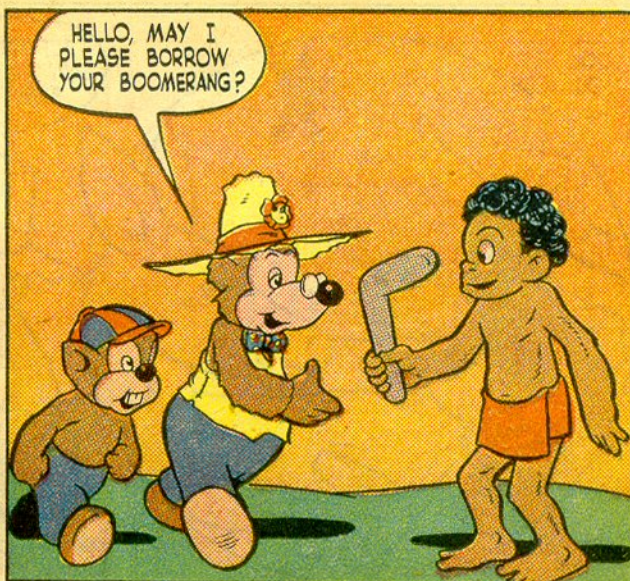
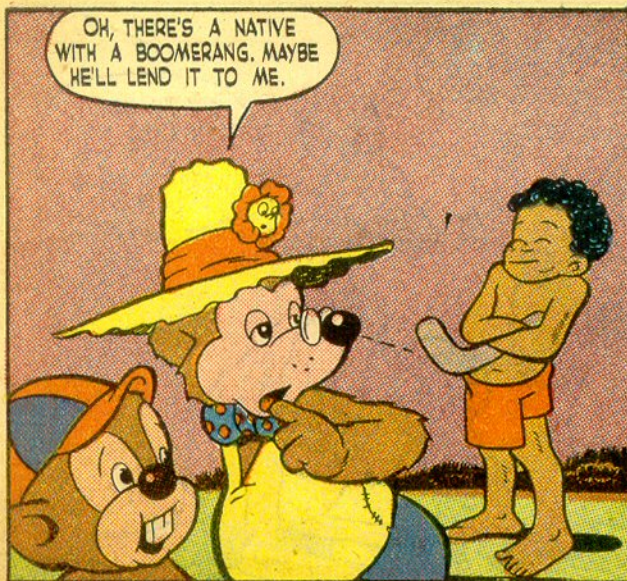
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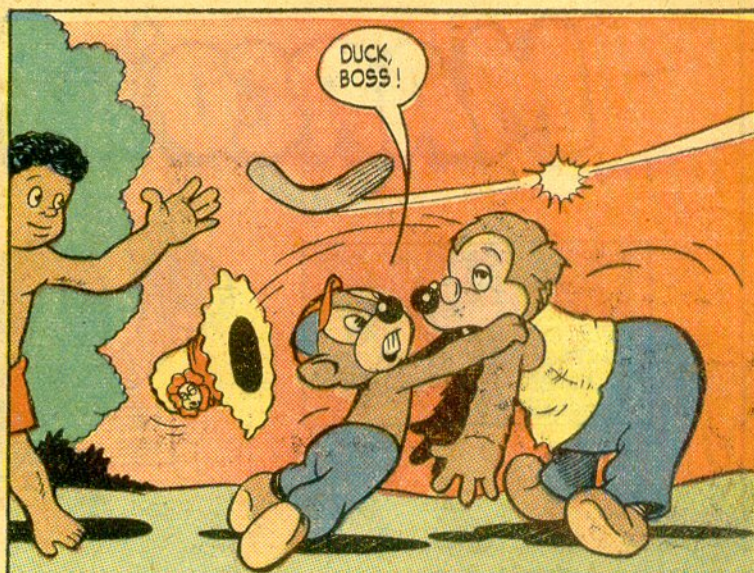
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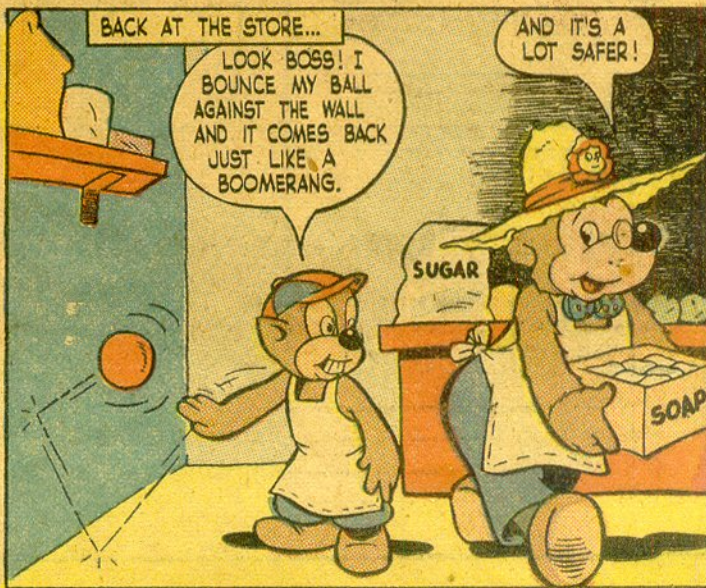
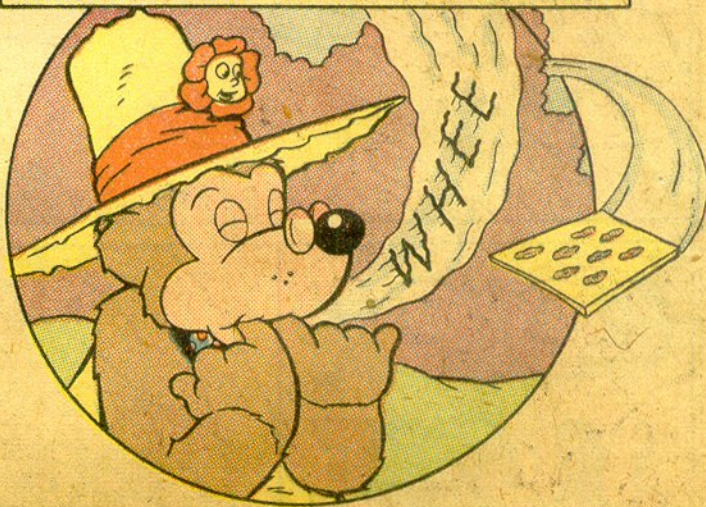
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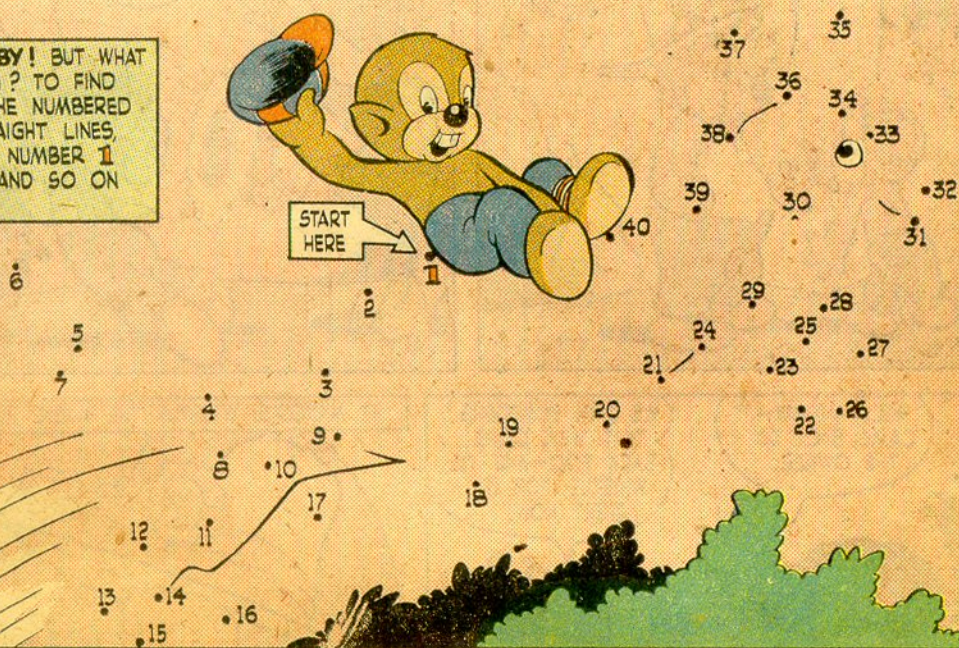
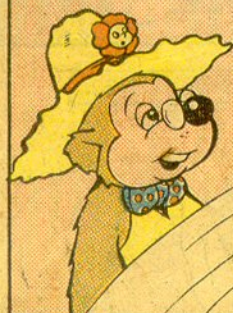
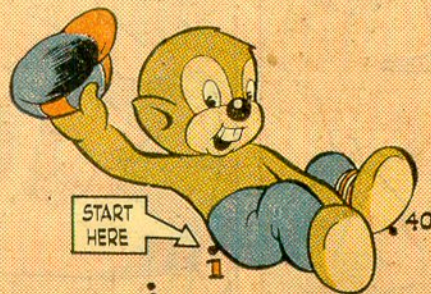
AT MARCO'S WHISTLE THE MAGIC RUG COMES FLYING...





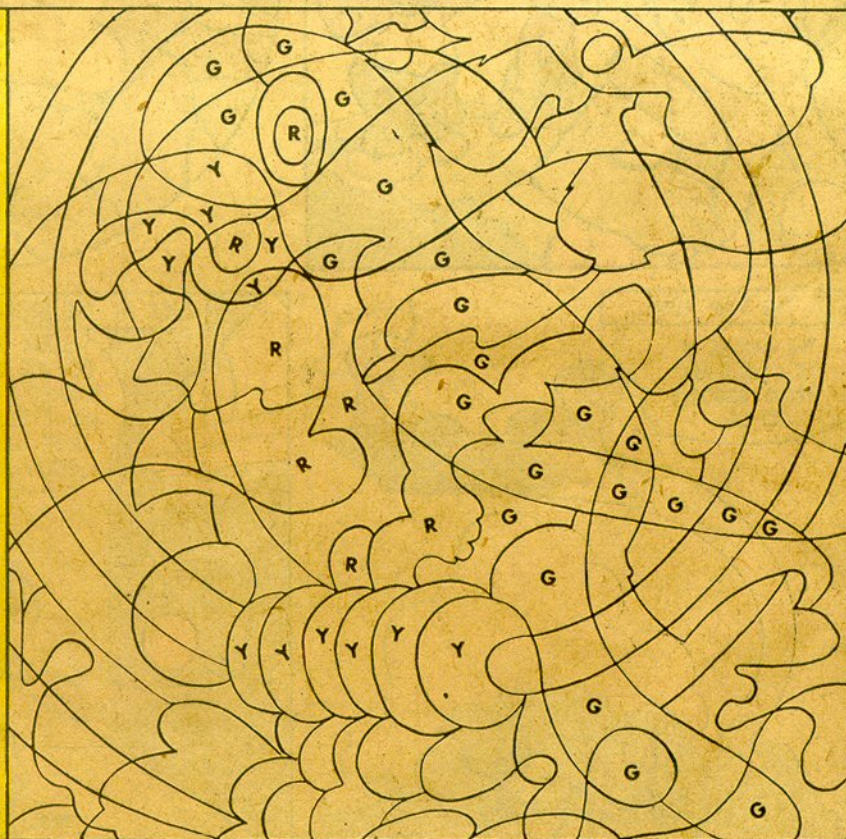
# MARCO'S PUZZLE

RIDE HIM, BOBBY! BUT WHAT IS BOBBY RIDING? TO FIND OUT, CONNECT THE NUMBERED DOTS WITH STRAIGHT LINES, STARTING FROM NUMBER 1 TO NUMBER 2 AND SO ON TO NUMBER 40.

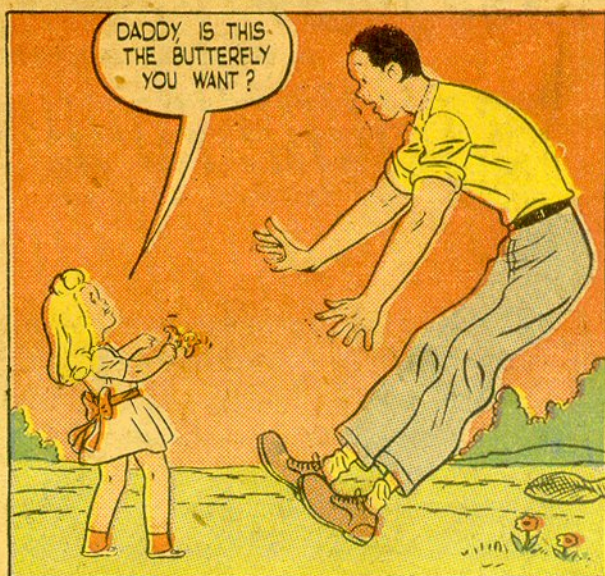
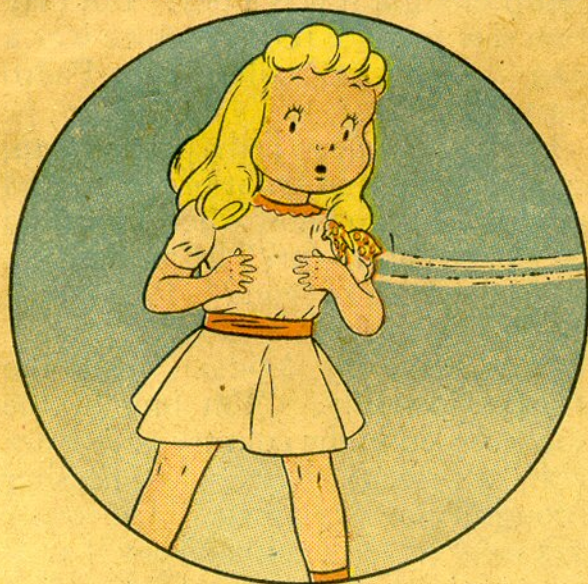
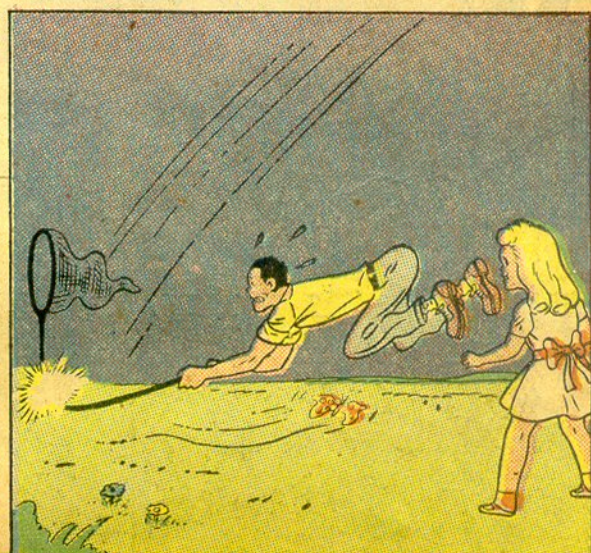
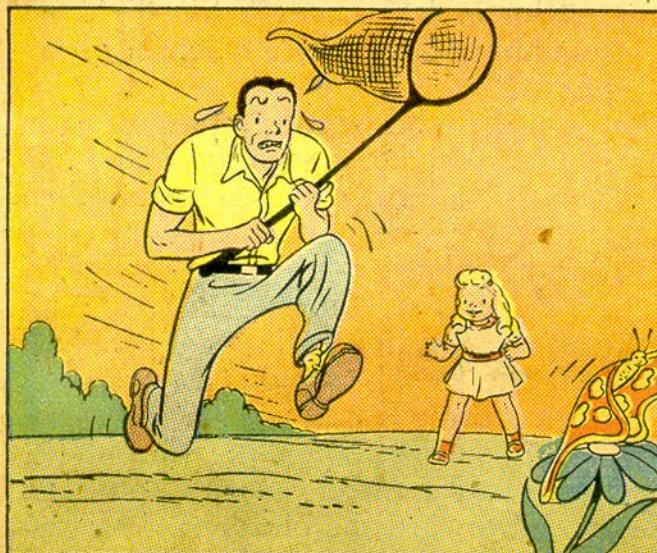
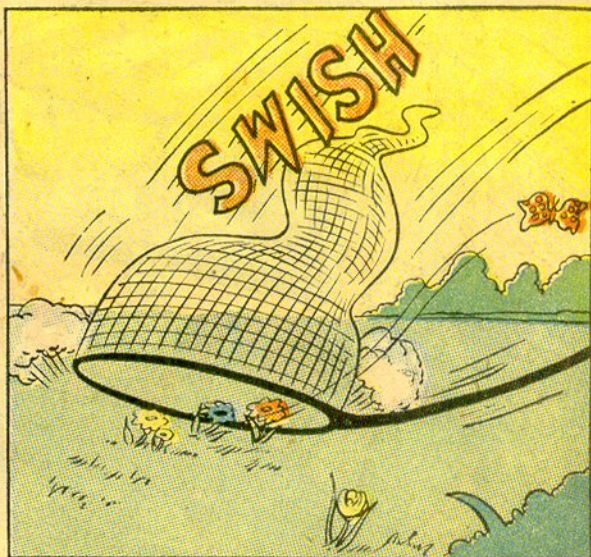
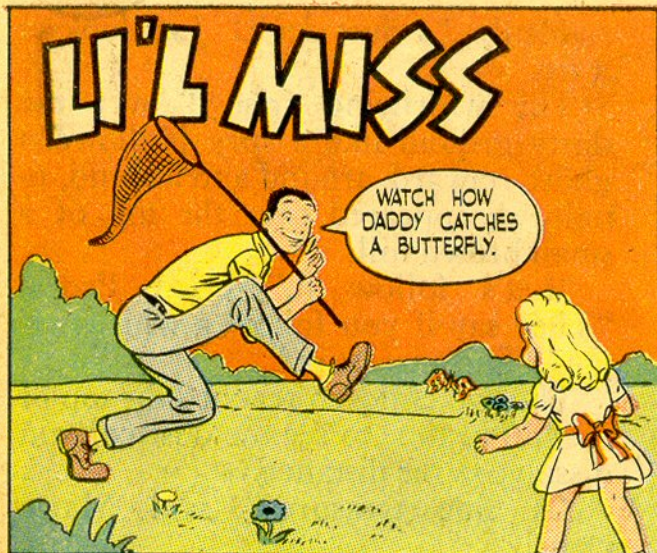


## COLOR JIGGLE

WHAT IS HIDDEN AMONG ALL THESE JIGGLE SPACES? TO FIND OUT, COLOR WITH YELLOW CRAYON ALL THE JIGGLE SPACES MARKED Y. COLOR WITH RED CRAYON ALL THE SPACES MARKED R. USE GREEN CRAYON FOR THE G SPACES. DON'T COLOR ANY SPACE WITHOUT A LETTER.











# Follow The WHIRLWIND

By FLORENCE LAUGHLIN

Pedro and Maria followed a wispy whirlwind to a strange, brightly colored house. This is the story of their many surprises and fantastic adventure

**P**EDRO and Maria sat on the front step of their grandmother's little adobe ranch house. They had played hard—running with their long-tailed Mexican dog, riding on Chili, their solemn donkey, and now they were rather tired.

"Oh, look, Maria," Pedro shouted

suddenly, "a dust devil! Just look at it fly."

The whirlwind frisked over the dusty ground like a spry Halloween ghost, onward, around and around, finally disappeared over the top of a small brown hill.

"Let's follow it," cried Pedro. "They say if you follow a whirlwind you'll find a treasure."

The two children reached the top of the hill in time to see the dust column dissolve in the distance.

"A fine treasure!" said Maria crossly.

"But look!" cried Pedro. "There's something down there where it disappeared."

On the road was the strangest vehicle Pedro had ever seen. It looked like a house trailer and it must have broken down, for one corner was sagging. But the colors!

"Bright red," laughed Pedro, "with green and yellow animals painted all over the sides! I wonder where on earth it came from."

A door opened on the side of the thing and someone stepped out and started toward the children. At first Pedro thought it was a boy. But they soon saw that the little creature was a man—a man no taller than Pedro himself!

He had a queer little peaked cap, and he stopped in front of Pedro and bowed. "Do you know where we could get something to eat?" he asked.

"But who are you?" Pedro just couldn't keep from asking.

"I'm Mike the Midget," said the stranger proudly. "I'm one of the smallest men in the country . . . we are with a circus that was passing through," he explained. "The other cars went on to the city. They'll send someone back with a wheel for us. But





Grandma expected "little friends." She sat down when she saw her guests. Pedro just stared at the circus people.

meanwhile," he looked wistfully about, "I don't suppose there's a restaurant near, is there?"

"There's nothing for miles except Grandmother Gomez's house," said Pedro, turning to point toward the little mud ranch house where he and Maria were visiting.

"But Grandmother will be glad to give you something to eat," Maria added eagerly.

"Oh, that's fine," cried Mike the Midget. "I'll run and tell my friends."

"How many of you are there?" Pedro called after him.

"Only four," sang back Mike the



Midget.

Pedro and Maria hurried down the hill to tell Grandmother Gomez the news.

"We've invited someone to eat with us," cried Maria.

"Four little people no bigger than myself," put in Pedro, his brown face beaming.

Grandmother was short and old with merry black eyes. "Muy bien," she cried happily in Spanish, which meant very good, "we have lots of frijoles. For four little people there is more than enough."

Just then Chico, the Mexican dog, began to bark and Pedro, Maria and Grandmother all ran outside.

"Here we are", declared Mike the Midget happily.

Pedro's mouth opened and wouldn't close. Maria's eyes grew as big as saucers. And Grandmother had to sit right down on the step.

"Meet Milly Marvel, the fattest woman in the world," cried Mike proudly.

Milly laughed a booming laugh. She was so wide Pedro couldn't look at her all at one time. But she was certainly a jolly person.

"Now meet Larry Lean." Mike the Midget popped around in front of a person so tall he could look right over Grandmother's small house.

"And last but not least," Mike bellowed in a voice too big for his small body, "here is the Circus Strong Man—Big John."

Big John wasn't as fat as Milly Marvel nor as tall as Larry Lean, but he was alarmingly big, just the same, and he walked around

swinging a huge iron ball over his head to show how strong he was.

Maria moved close to Pedro, and Pedro looked woefully at Grandmother. How on earth were these people going to get through the door? Why, Larry Lean was bound to hit his head on the ceiling, and Milly Marvel was wider than the door.

Grandmother stood up. "Welcome, welcome," she said to the guests, "come right in." It was plain she wasn't going to worry about getting the circus people inside.

While Maria and Pedro stared with wide eyes Milly wedged herself in the doorway, Big John got behind her, Larry Lean got behind Big John and Mike the Midget got behind Larry Lean. "One, two, three . . . go!" cried Mike. They all gave a mighty push and with a soft plop Milly went through the door. "Now Larry Lean," said Mike importantly.

Pedro felt even more worried about the tall man. But at Mike's direction Larry bent over like a hairpin. Of course, then he couldn't see in front of him, so Mike pushed him in like a wheel-barrow and helped him get untangled and sit down. He couldn't stand up inside, naturally. Big John, with a bit of puffing, then got through the door, though he was forced to leave his heavy ball outside.

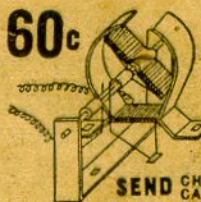
Pedro and Maria finally crowded in, though they had a hard time keeping from stepping on Larry Lean's legs, which stretched half across the room. Then they just watched Mike the Midget, Milly Marvel, Larry Lean and Big John eat beans and tortillas till Pedro

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Big John, the strong man, lifted the long-eared donkey into the air.

was afraid some of them could never get out of the door again—no matter how hard they pushed.

"That was as fine a meal as we've ever eaten," Mike the Midget declared, when he'd scraped the last bean from his bowl. And all his friends agreed with him.

"Soon as I get my strength back after eating so much," bragged Big John, "we'll go outside and give you a show to pay you back for your kindness."

And they did just that! After Milly and John had been pushed out with great effort and Larry had been bent double and guided out, the fascinating circus people gave a show just for Maria and Pedro and their Grandmother.

The children jumped up and down and shouted with delight when the strong man lifted Chili, the long-eared donkey, right off the ground. They laughed till tears rolled down their cheeks when tall Larry and Midget Mike did their funny dance. And their eyes grew big with wonder when Milly Marvel, who was so very large, sang for them in the sweetest silvery voice you could imagine.

When the show was over and the sun was ready to set, a car arrived with a wheel for the circus car. Mike the Midget, Larry Lean, Big John, and Milly Marvel all shook hands with Pedro and Maria. Then they started toward the road.

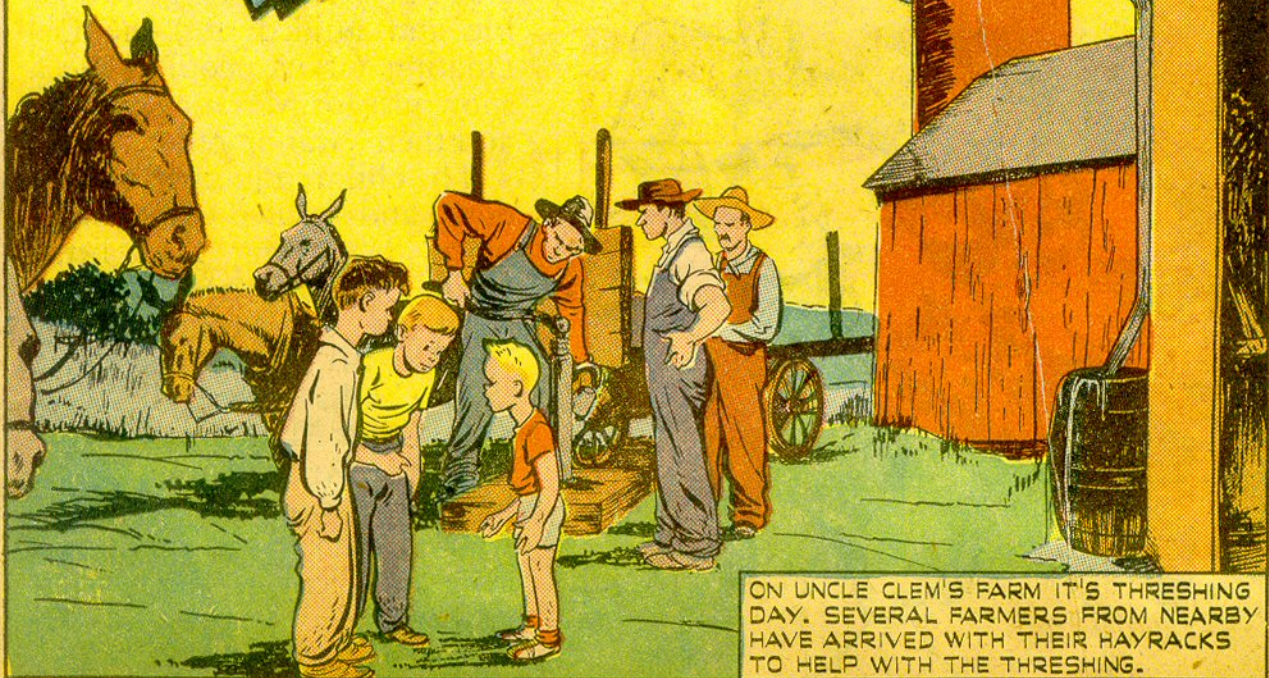
Pedro breathed a blissful sigh. "I guess we did find something good by following the whirlwind. after all—didn't we, Maria?"

His little sister laughed happily, said, "Si, si Pedro."

And in their language si, si means—you're exactly right. The whirlwind had led them to a treasure—a treasure of fun.



# BUFFKIN

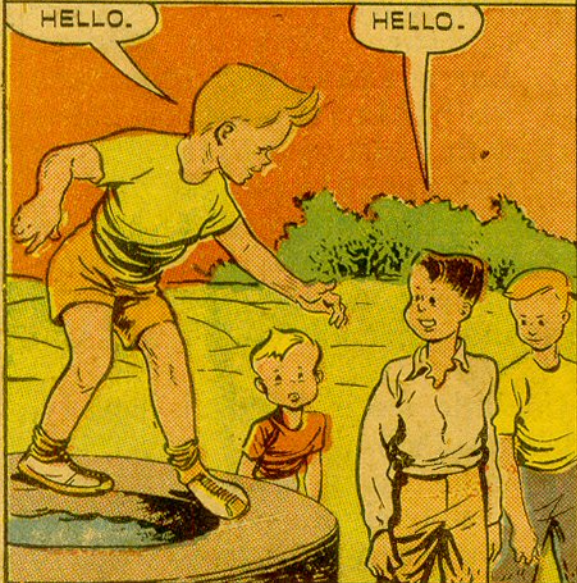


ON UNCLE CLEM'S FARM IT'S THRESHING DAY. SEVERAL FARMERS FROM NEARBY HAVE ARRIVED WITH THEIR HAYRACKS TO HELP WITH THE THRESHING.

BUFFKIN IS VERY EXCITED ABOUT HAVING SOME CHILDREN TO PLAY WITH.

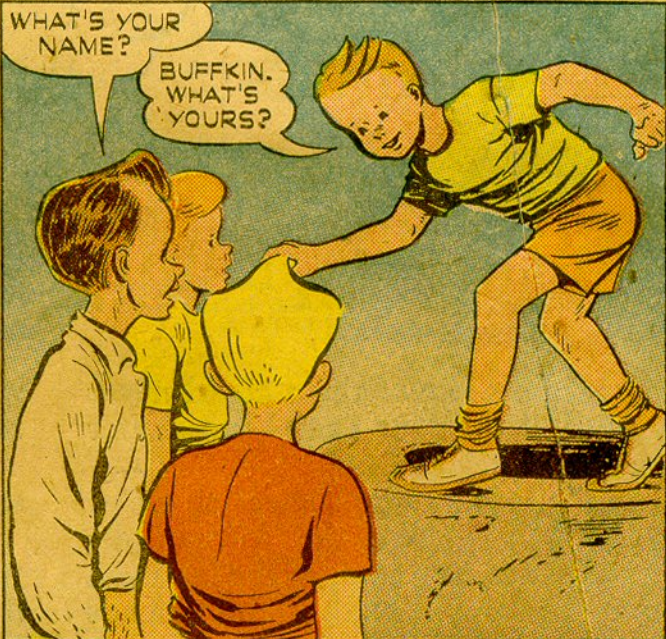
HELLO.

HELLO.

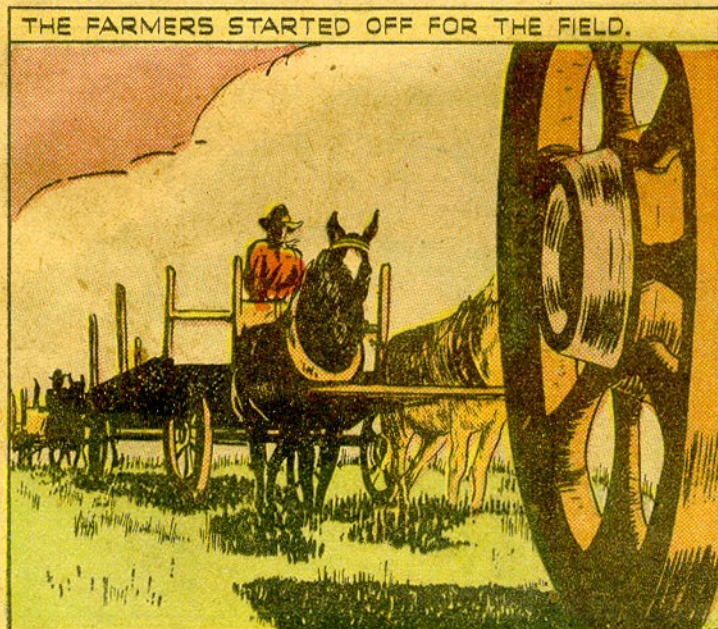
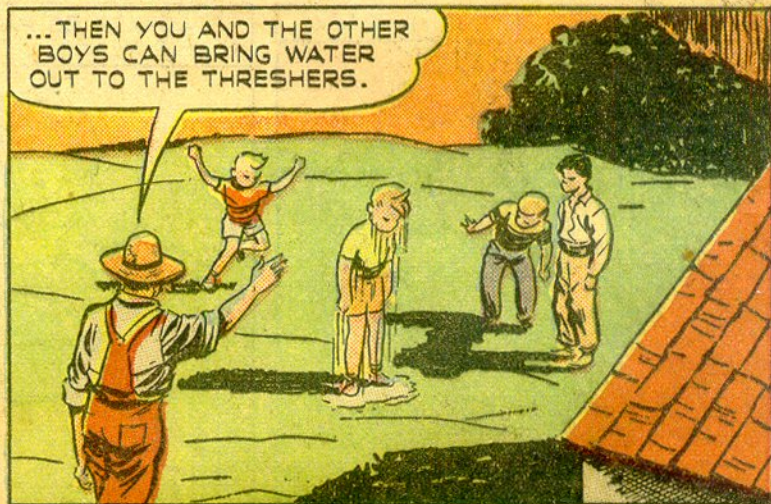
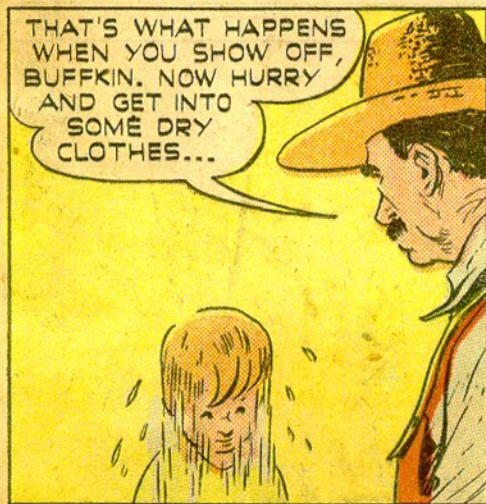
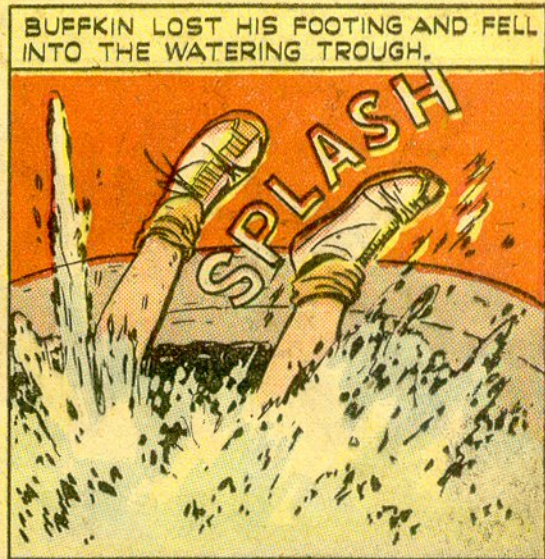
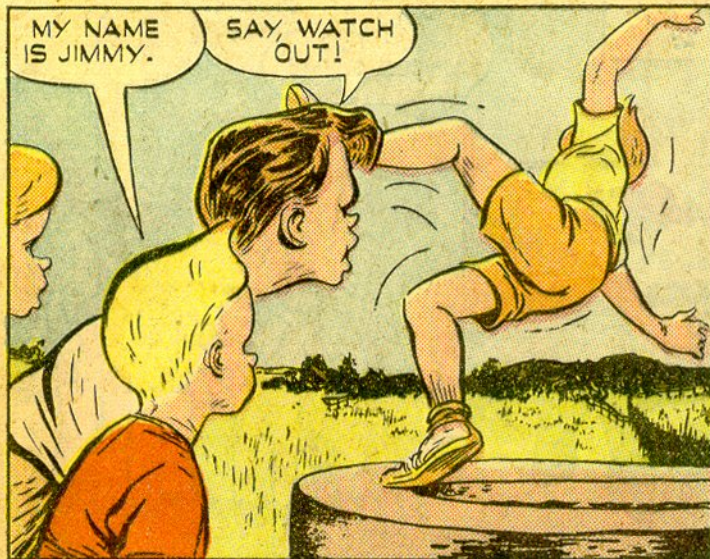


WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

BUFFKIN.  
WHAT'S YOURS?





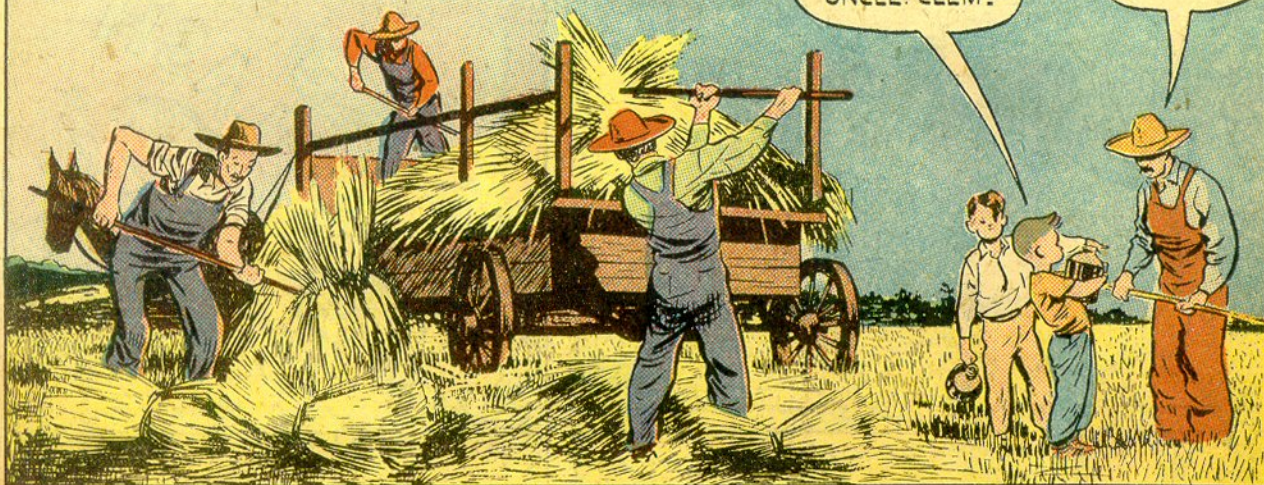




WHEN BUFFKIN AND THE OTHER BOYS GOT OUT TO THE FIELD, THEY WANTED TO HELP.

MAY I  
HELP TOO,  
UNCLE CLEM?

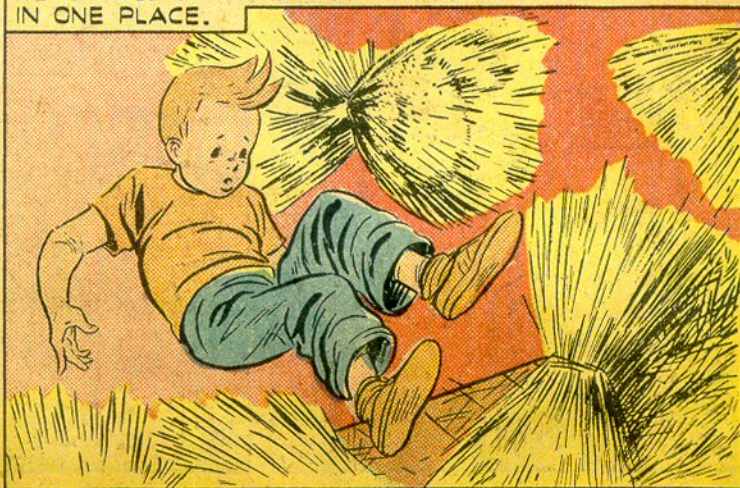
CERTAINLY,  
BUFFKIN!



SO BUFFKIN GOT ON THE HAYRACK.



HE WORKED SO HARD THAT HE PILED TOO MANY BUNDLES IN ONE PLACE.

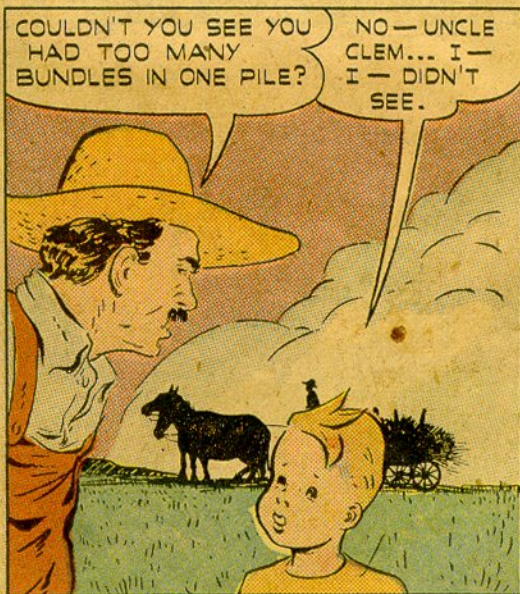


OOOOH!

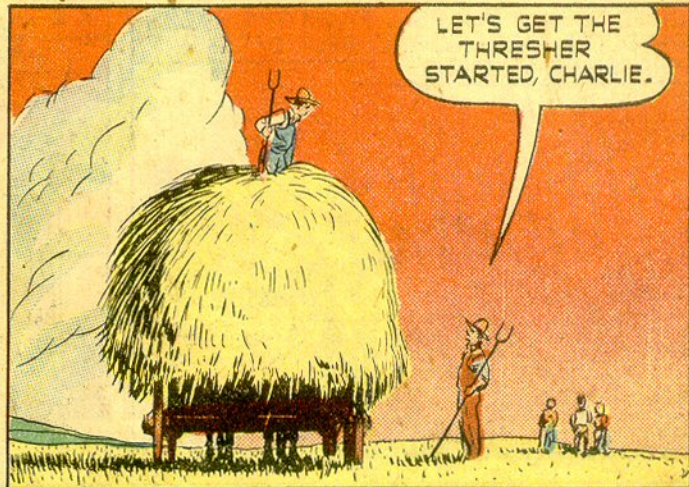


COULDN'T YOU SEE YOU  
HAD TOO MANY  
BUNDLES IN ONE PILE?

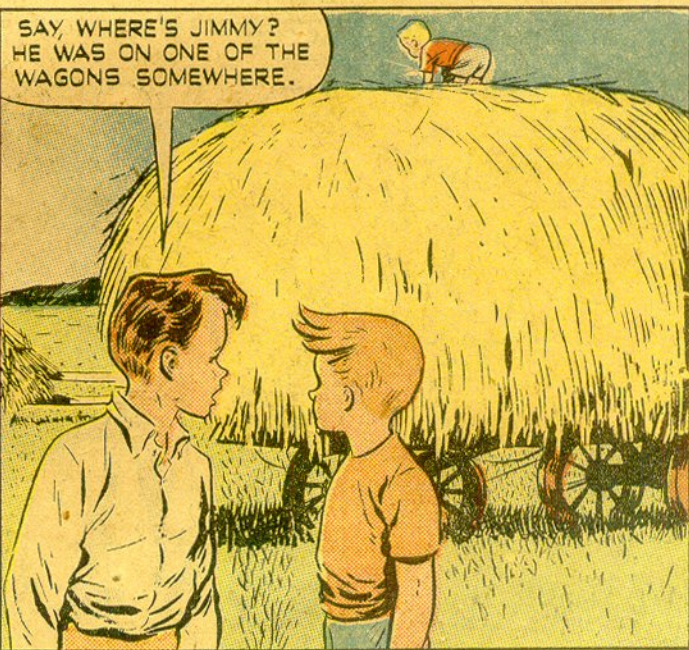
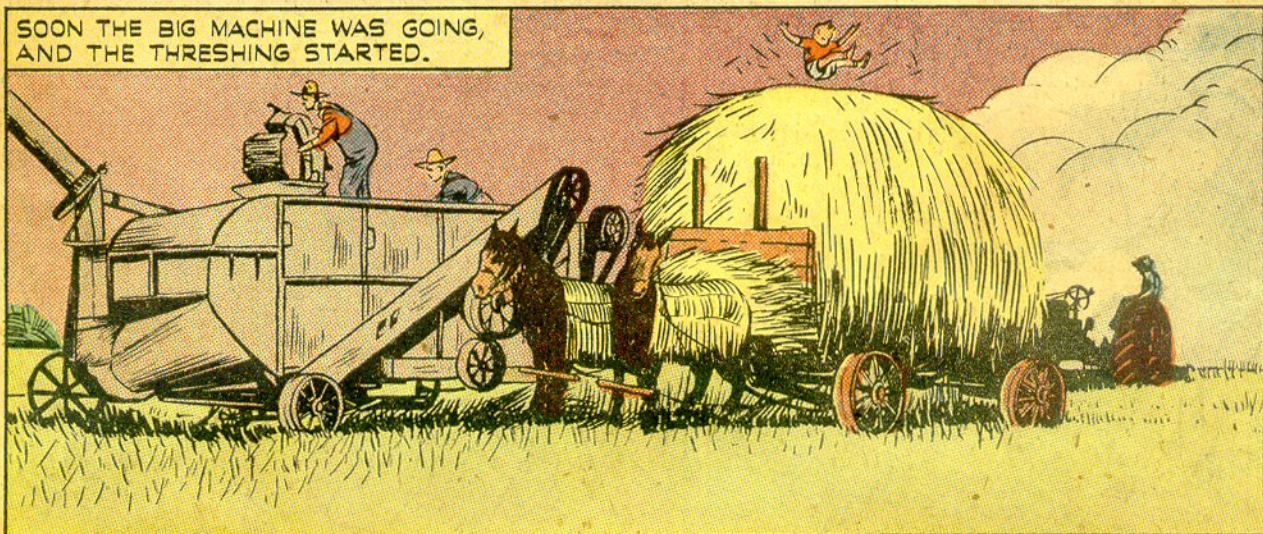
NO — UNCLE  
CLEM... I —  
I — DIDN'T  
SEE.





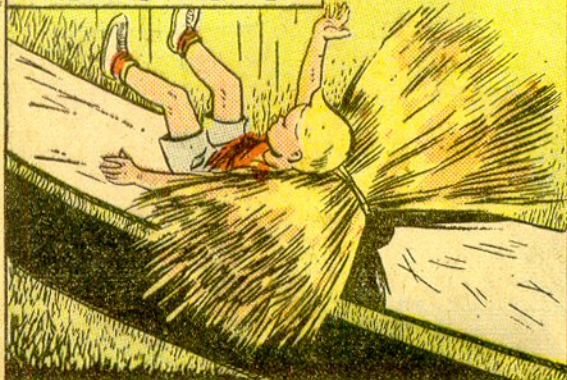


SOON THE BIG MACHINE WAS GOING, AND THE THRESHING STARTED.



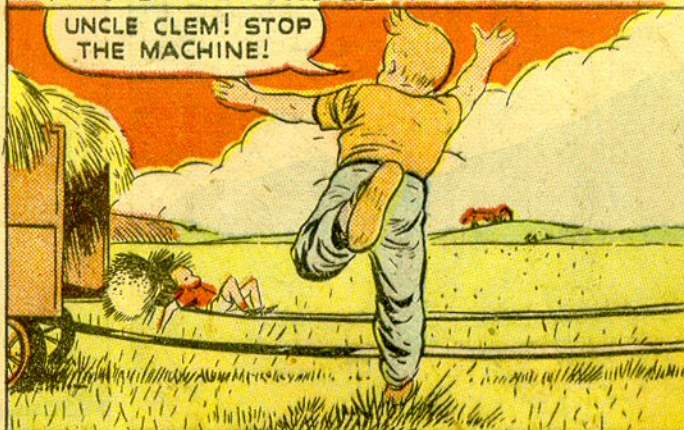


JUST THEN JIMMY FELL FROM THE WAGON  
ONTO THE FAST-MOVING BELT OF THE  
THRESHING MACHINE.



IN A MOMENT HE WOULD BE IN DANGER!

UNCLE CLEM! STOP  
THE MACHINE!

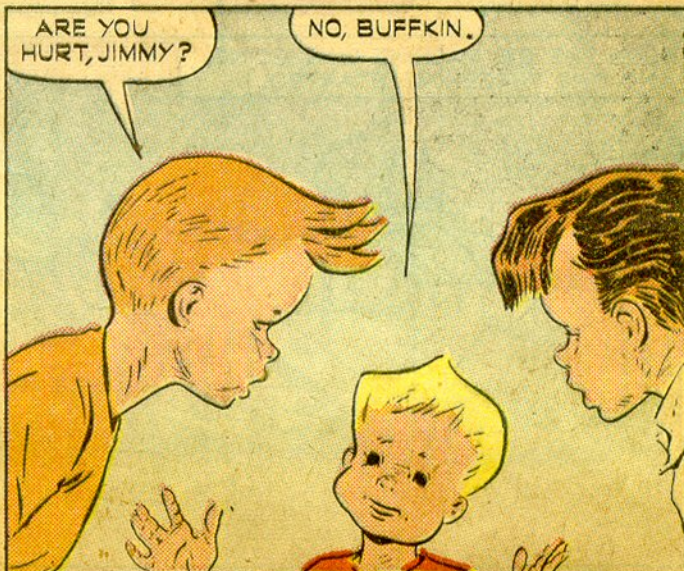


WHAT'S THE MATTER?  
OH, IT'S JIMMY!



ARE YOU  
HURT, JIMMY?

NO, BUFFKIN.

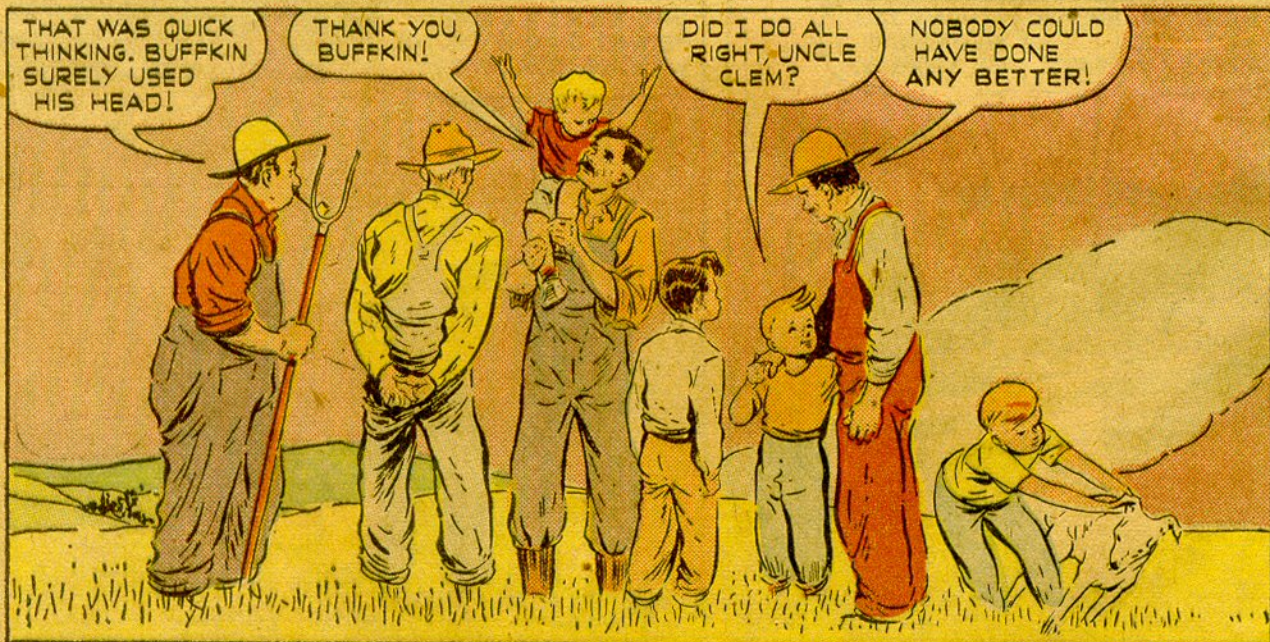


THAT WAS QUICK  
THINKING. BUFFKIN  
SURELY USED  
HIS HEAD!

THANK-YOU,  
BUFFKIN!

DID I DO ALL  
RIGHT, UNCLE  
CLEM?

NOBODY COULD  
HAVE DONE  
ANY BETTER!







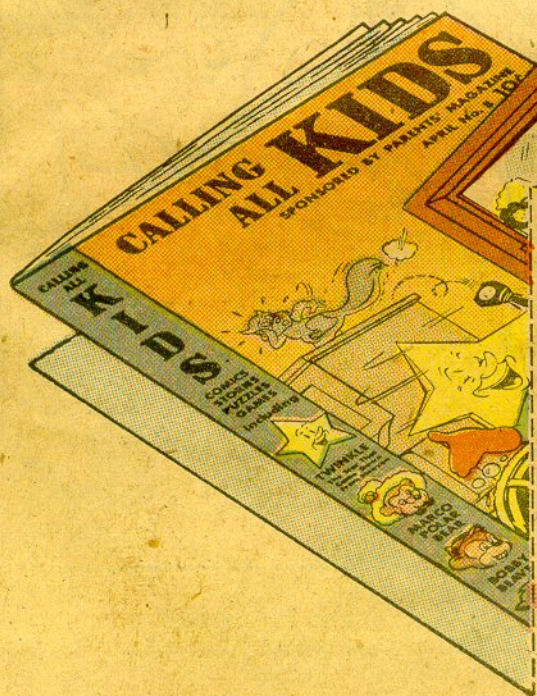
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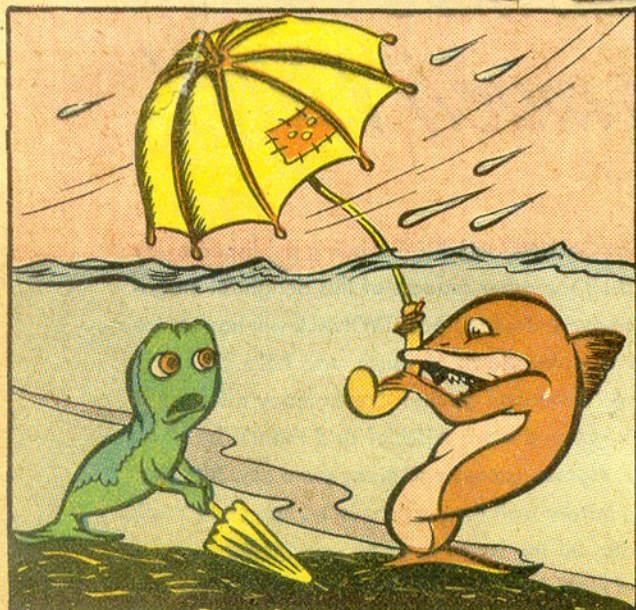
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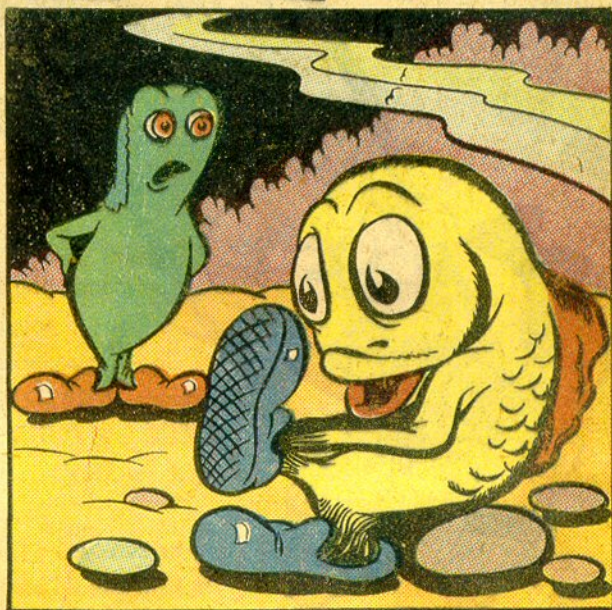
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# The POOR FISH



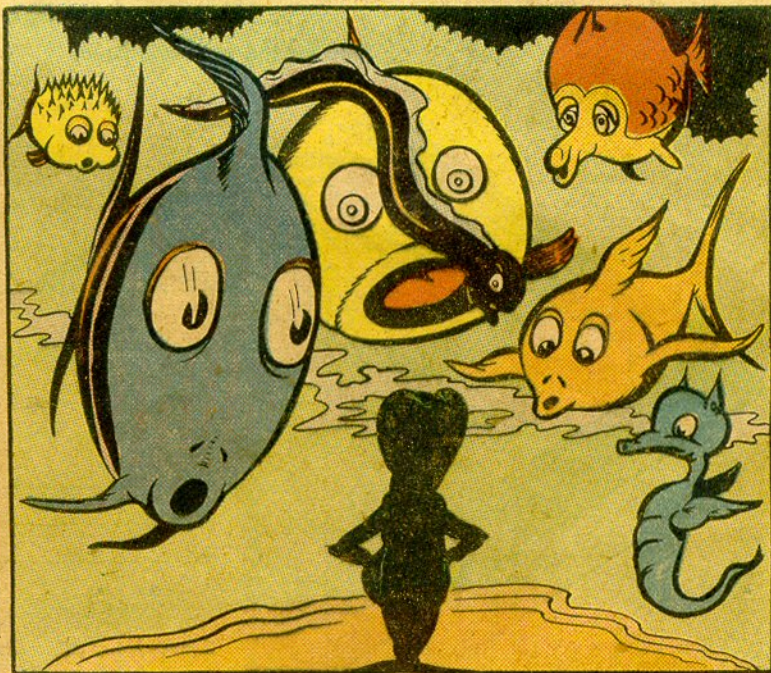
THE FISH FOLK ARE BRIGHT  
AND CLEVER, AND BRAINY.  
THEY CARRY UMBRELLAS,  
WHENEVER IT'S RAINY.



AND NO LITTLE FISH  
WILL EVER FORGET  
TO PUT ON HIS RUBBERS  
WHEN THE WATER IS WET.

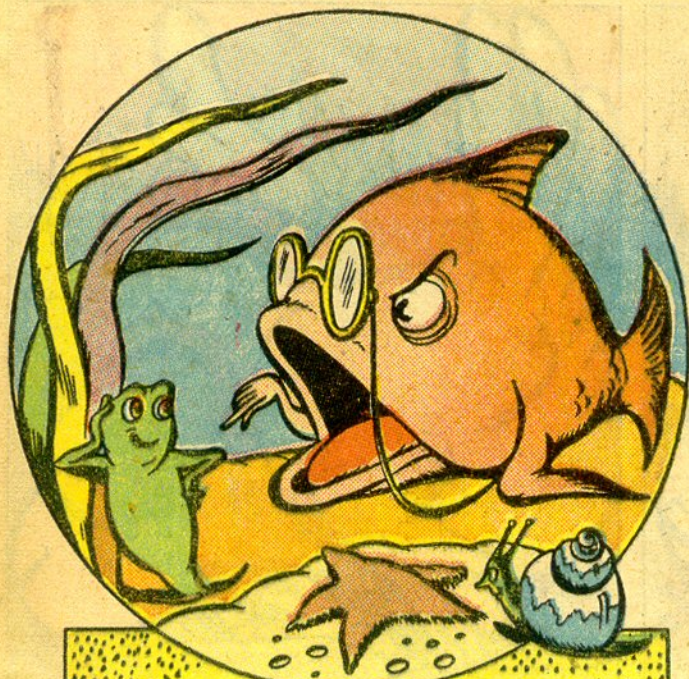


SAID TADDY, THE POLE FISH,  
A FRESH LITTLE FRY,  
"I'LL GET OUT OF THE WATER  
AND GO WHERE IT'S DRY!"

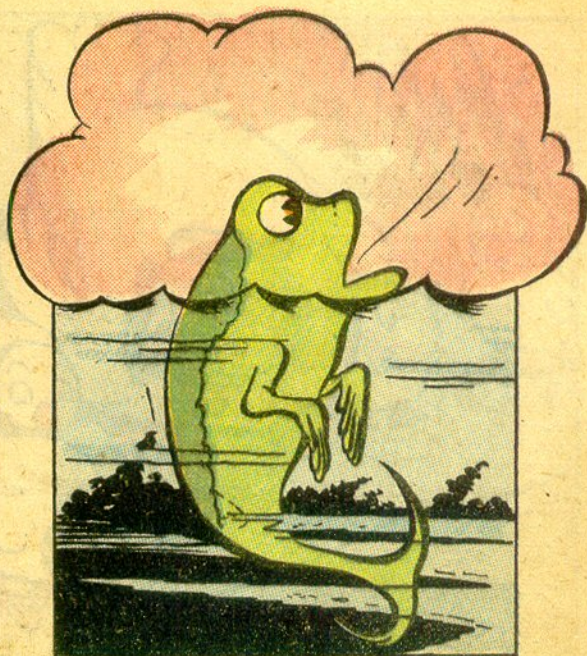


"OUT OF THE WATER!  
YOU'LL DROWN!" CRIED THE FISH.  
"THE WATER'S OUR HOME  
AND OUR FAVORITE DISH!"





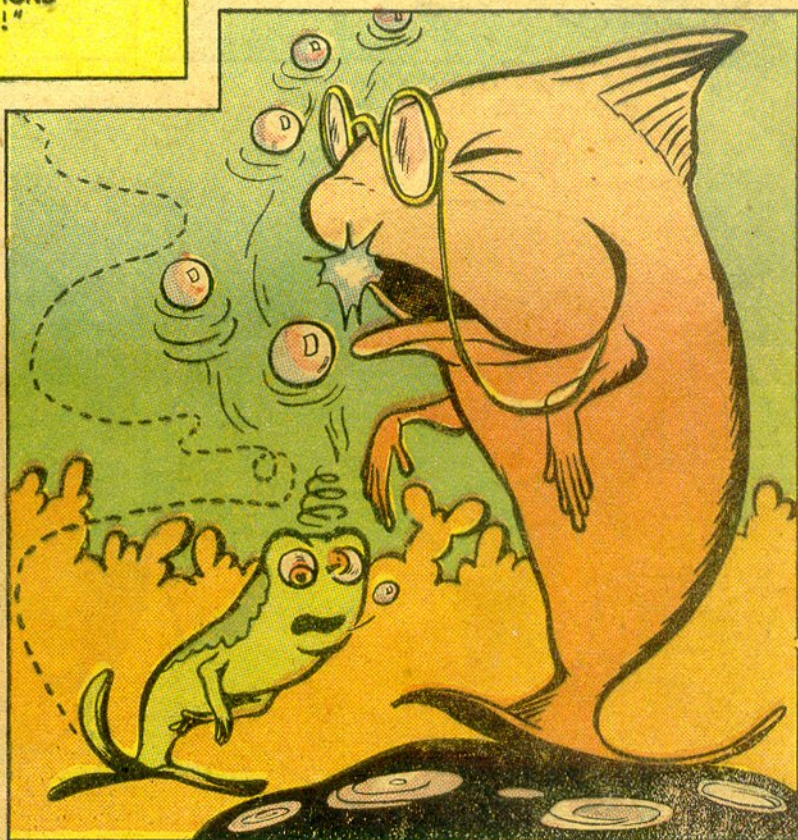
SPOKE THE BASS, WHO TAUGHT SCHOOL,  
IN A VOICE DEEP AND MELLOW,  
"YOU HAVE MIGHTY BIG NOTIONS  
FOR SUCH A WEE FELLOW!"



SAID TAD TO HIMSELF,  
"THERE'S A WAY TO FIND OUT!"  
SO HE SWAM TO THE TOP  
AND HE STUCK OUT HIS SNOUT.

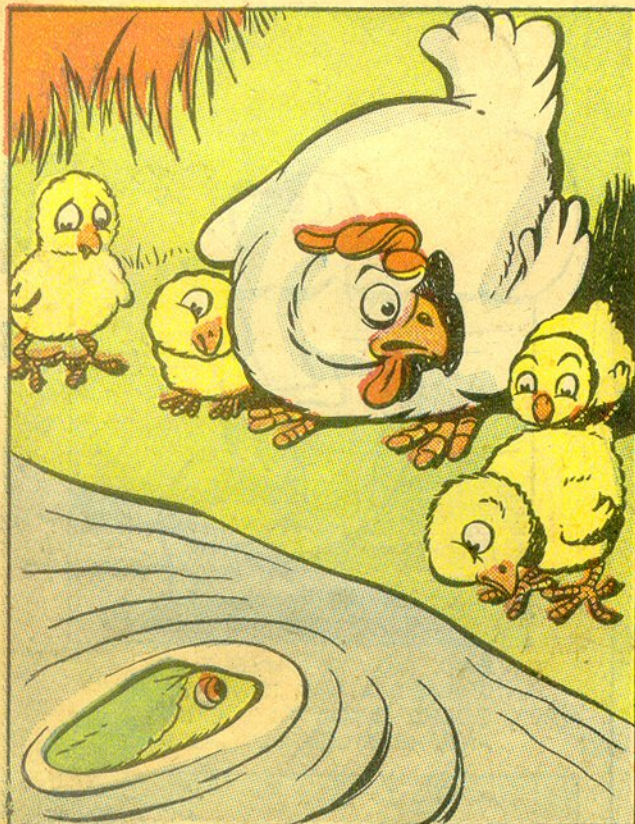


BUT THE VERY FIRST SNIFF  
MADE HIM DIZZY AND SICK.  
HIS RETURN TO THE BOTTOM  
WAS SUDDEN AND QUICK!

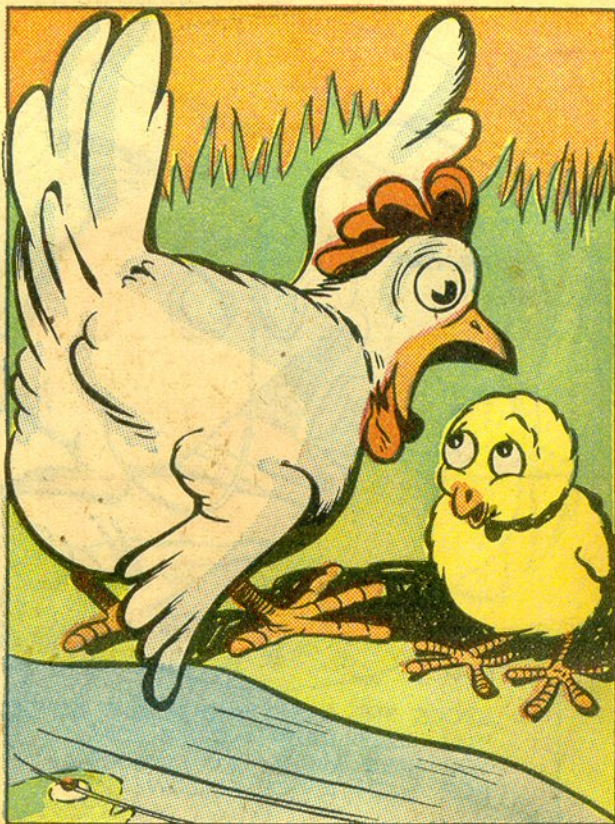


"YOU'VE BEEN DRINKING THE AIR!"  
SAID THE BASS WITH A FROWN.  
"DO YOU WANT TO CATCH COLD?  
ARE YOU TRYING TO DROWN?"

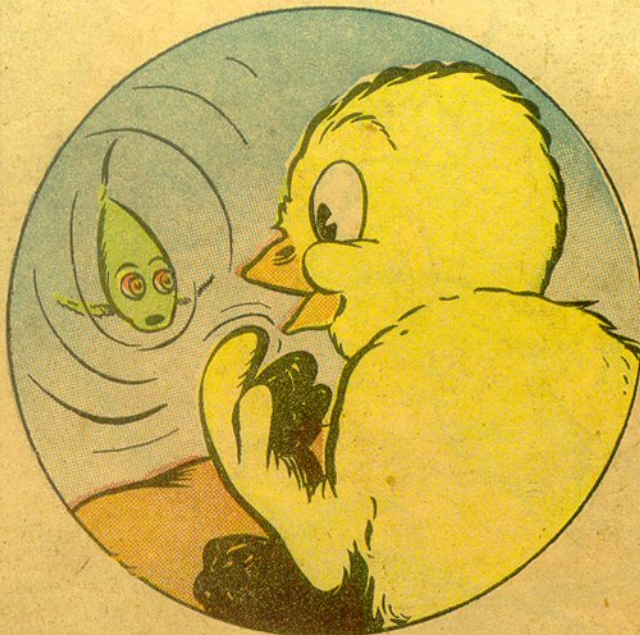




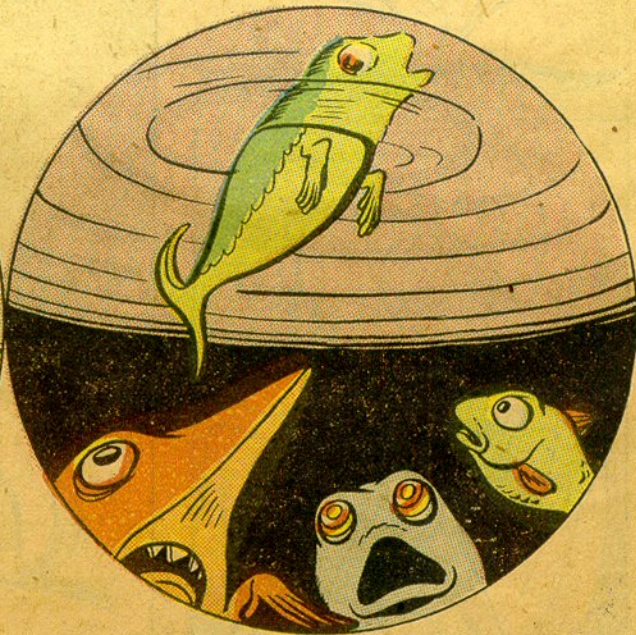
ONE DAY, LITTLE TADDY  
SWAM CLOSE TO THE SHORE.  
AND THERE WAS A HEN  
AND HER LITTLE CHICKS FOUR!



SAID A CHICK TO HIS MA  
"MAY I GO FOR A SWIM?"  
"YOU WILL DROWN IN THAT STUFF!"  
TADDY HEARD HER TELL HIM.

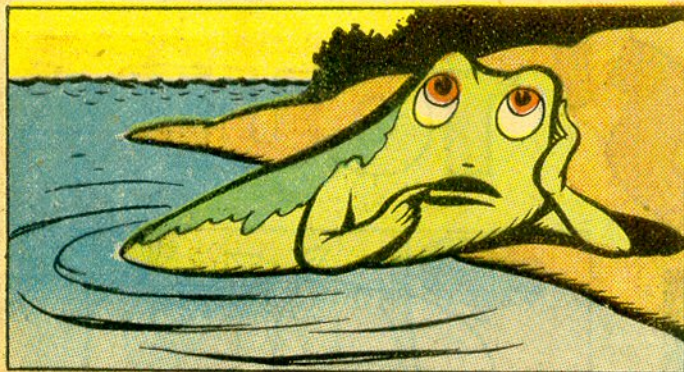


WHEN THE CHICK FIRST SPIED TADDY,  
HE CRIED, "CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP!"  
GET OUT OF THE WATER,  
IT'S WET AND IT'S DEEP!"

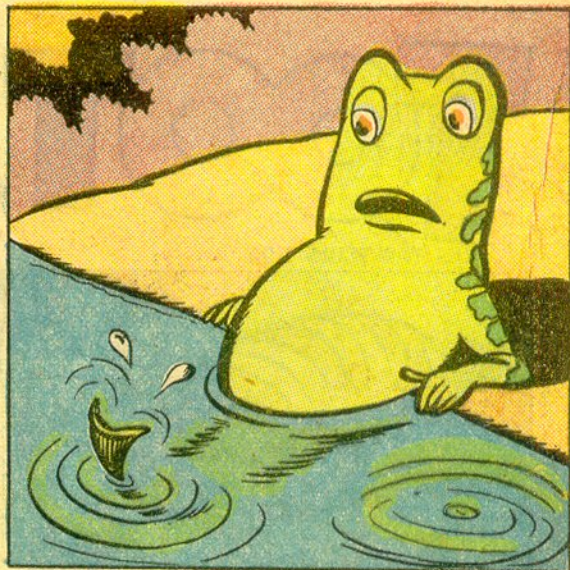


AND THE FISH THEY SPIED TADDY.  
CRIED THEY, "HEY, UP THERE!  
GET BACK IN THE WATER,  
YOU'LL DROWN IN THE AIR!"





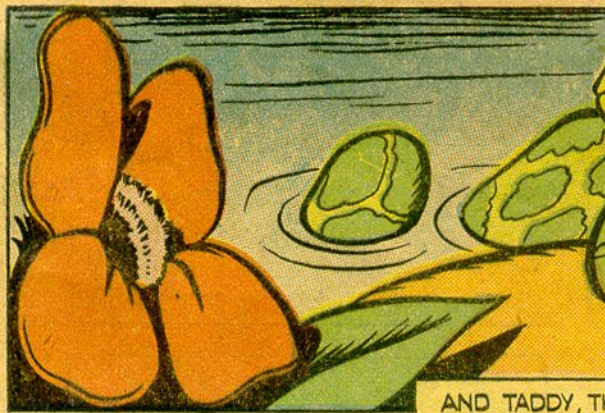
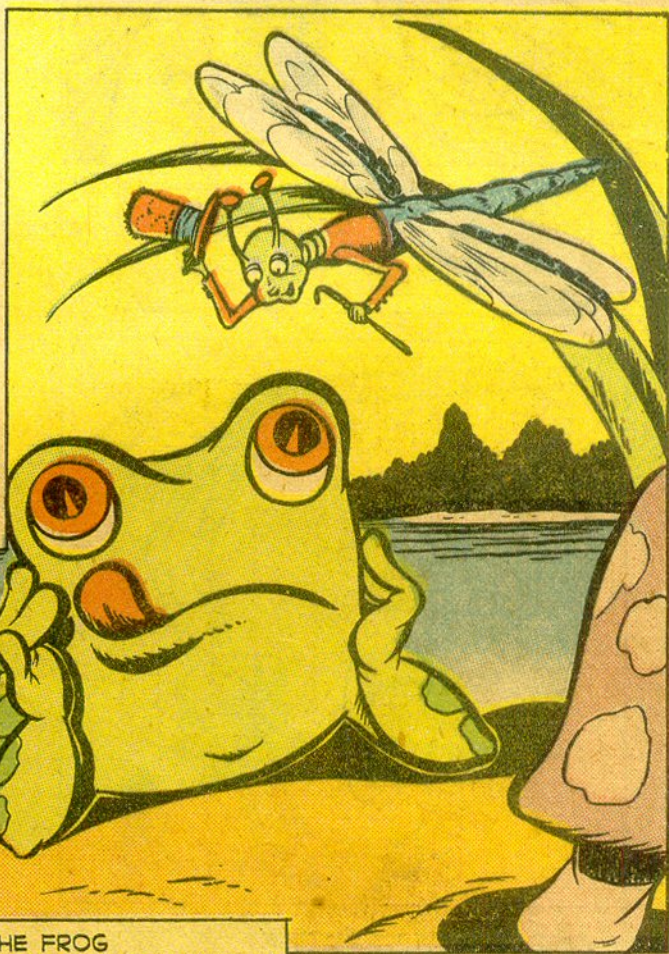
SAID TAD, "THIS IS SOMETHING  
I DON'T UNDERSTAND!"  
AS HE LAY HALF IN WATER  
AND HALF ON THE LAND.



"I'LL DROWN IN THE AIR  
AND I'LL DROWN IN THE WATER,"  
SAID TAD, AS HIS TAIL  
GREW SHORTER AND SHORTER.



NOW HIS EYES THEY STICK OUT,  
AND HIS MOUTH— HOW IT GROWS!  
AND HIS FINS BECOME LEGS,  
WITH FINGERS AND TOES!



AND TADDY, THE FROG  
WONDERS STILL IF HE "OUGHTER"  
GET OUT IN THE AIR  
OR BACK IN THE WATER!

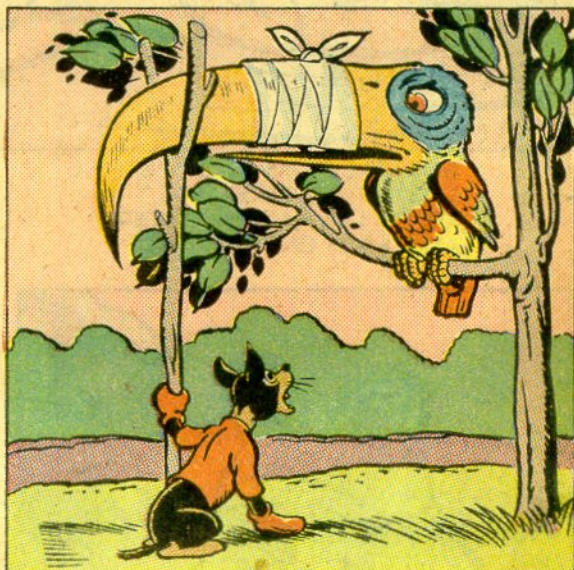


# TOOTS' TOURS

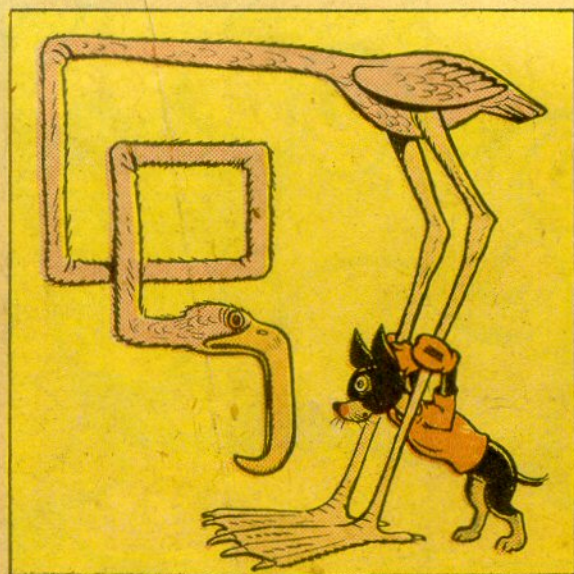
THE TRAVELING DOG



THIS LEMUR ISN'T REALLY SCARED,  
HIS EYES JUST LOOK THAT WAY.  
HE TRAVELS MOSTLY AFTER DARK  
AND CAN'T SEE WELL BY DAY!



THIS TOUCAN HAD AN AWFUL COLD  
BUT REALLY WASN'T ILL.  
UNTIL THE DOCTOR "FIXED" HIM  
WITH **ANOTHER GREAT BIG BILL!**



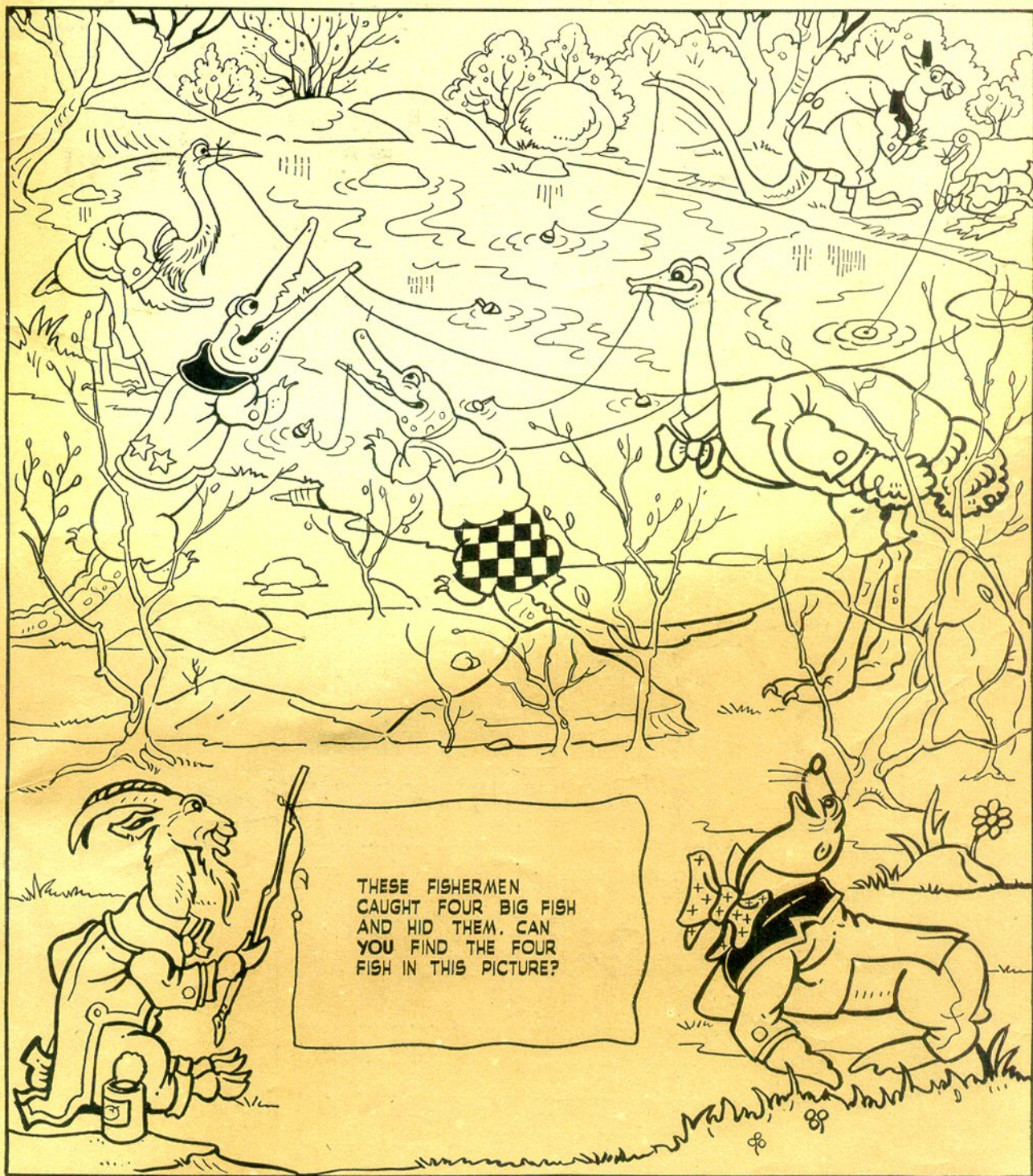
TOOTS MET A BIRD WITH LEGS LIKE STILTS,  
HIS BEAK WAS LIKE A HOE.  
SHE ASKED HIM WHAT HIS NAME WAS,  
AND HE TOLD HER, "FLAMINGO."



WHILE WALKING ON THE ICE ONE DAY  
UP NEAR THE ARCTIC OCEAN,  
TOOTS STEPPED UPON A POLAR BEAR  
WHO RAISED A BIG COMMOTION!



# FIND THE FISH





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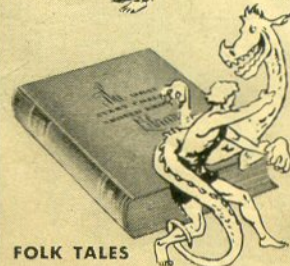
FAMOUS STORIES



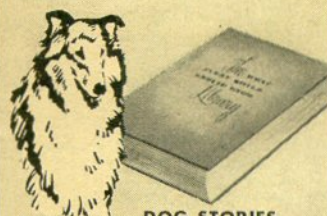
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